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NCLE SAM FORTIFYING THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

roup in the Pacific Is Undergoing Complete Change From Commercial to Military Aspect.

he metamorphosis of Honolulu has un. A year ago commercial prob- s, social activities, and the com- s and goings of tourists, occupied minds of the forty thousand or e inhabitants, but today a decided- martial chord runs through the mony of Hawaiian affairs, growing more dominant.

nd for the future? Another year rises to see the entire atmosphere Honolulu changed, from more or placid civilian life, to that sur- nding a great military encamp- t. Five years from now it is more likely that an old-time resident rning to his island home, will find self in a strange city.

Within six months Uncle Sam has ra the Hawaiians that if it did him forty years to make up his d to fortify the islands, he is not low when he once gets started. is being rushed on the construc- of three great fortification works; ps of engineers has surveyed and ed the site for the great naval on Pearl Harbor, eight miles m the city, and bids for the dredg- of the channel into the great land- ed basin were opened in Washing- only last week. A company of y engineers arrived by the last sport from the mainland, for the pose of making a detailed military ey of the entire Island of Oahu, ting defenses at strategic points, planning other works. Yesterday demnation suits were filed by the ernment against a hundred or e citizens to acquire possession me sixty acres of land on the fa- Waikiki Beach, for fortification garrison purposes (this in addi- to eight or ten acres of the water- t acquired a year or more ago, including half a dozen seaside es of Honolulu's aristocracy.) On ract of land will soon be erected t batteries of the latest type of ch coast defense rifles, on dis- ring carriages, a portion of e equipment has already arrived. e of the palatial homes which are ed to give way to military re- dents have already been vacated their late owners, and now form porary officers quarters for the y arrived engineer company, the enlisted men are encamped nts on the spacious lawns.

n January 5, there will sail from Francisco two squadrons (eight ps) of the Fifth U. S. cavalry, regimental staff and band, as a t of the permanent garrison for land. On the 4th of the present th arrived Captain J. C. Castner, a number of other officers, with authority to construct quarters the coming troops on the beauti- 1,000-acre tract on the plateau feet above the sea, and fifteen from Honolulu, which was re- ed for military purposes at the of annexation. A part of the ers, at present being rushed all possible expedition, are of porary character, but the stables some of the buildings are being on the most up-to-date models, will form a part of a great per- ent military post which will gar- 3,000 officers and men when pleted. This force will include complete regiment of cavalry, one field artillery, one of infantry, a al corps detachment, one of en- ers, and a full brigade hospital hospital corps. The command his post, as well as the minor gar- ns on the island, will be in a brig- r general, who will have quarters with full staff.

ll this is authentic. Captain Cast- has $50,000 on deposit for his t, in one of the local banks, and een $1,500,000 and $2,000,000 are ilable for the post which will be eeded by only Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, in size of garrison maintained. A portion of the troops to be assigned to this new post are already selected, and the remainder probably will have been before this appears in print. Moreover, these forces are exclusive of the men required to man the great guns of the several forts belting the coast from Diamond Head on the east to beyond Pearl Harbor on the west, nor does it take account of the big force of civilian employes, mechanics and skilled laborers which will be required at the Pearl Harbor naval station.

The effect which such an influx must have on the character of Honolulu may be imagined when it is remembered that the present white population of the city, including all nationalities, is probably not over 5,000, while the troops and others which the army and navy will bring here will equal or exceed this number.

The island of Oahu, however, is the only one of the group which will directly feel this addition to the population, inasmuch as it is the only one which will be fortified.

While the army is making good progress in its chain of fortification works, the navy is also rushing the development of its navy yard and dry dock at Pearl Harbor. The big job of dredging over five million yards of material from the channel, will probably be awarded to a Hawaiian company, inasmuch as its bid of $3,560,000 was much the lowest. This work must be finished within three years. It is probable that during January bids will be asked for the construction of the great dry dock, for which an appropriation of $2,000,000 was made by the last congress, and the plans for which have lately been approved.

"Sages Are Not Really Wise."

Sages are not really wise
Till they read in Folly's eyes
Wisdom that escapes the schools,
Lore that puts to rout all rules.

Tell me, sages, what love is!
Silent? Oh, what fool would miss
Kiss or laughter, glance or sigh,
Waiting for your slow reply?
Sages, tell me, what is life?
Mumble you of "joy" and "strife?"
While you definitions give
Fools like me rejoice to live!
While you labor, dig and seek,
Dull of eye and gray of cheek—
While you study, delve, explain,
Define, examine, think, refrain,
Search to find the meaning of
Life and Death and Joy and Love—
Laws discover, reasons frame—
You forget to play the game!

Sages are not really wise,
Lacking wisdom to revise
All they teach and learn in schools,
By the laughter of us fools.

—Don Marquis, in Appleton's.

Trusts That Pension Employes.

McClure's.

Since 1903 the Standard Oil company has generously treated its inactive men; it retires them on half pay at the age of 65 and on quarter pay at 70.

Since 1900 many of the subsidiary companies forming the United States Steel corporation have granted pensions; the directors have now under consideration a plan, which will probably become effective next year, for an automatic pension scheme affecting all their 200,000 employes. The unpopularity of the powder trust is so great that its president was recently obliged to drop out of the Republican national campaign; this corporation, however, retires at fair wages its used-up men. Those forced to pay exorbitant rates for gas and electricity in New York City may find some consolation in the fact that part of the money goes to pension the septuagenarian gas man. Bad as is Thomas F. Ryan's Metropolitan Street Railway company, its conductors and motormen are able to look forward to the time when they can retire at half pay. Even many of the great financial houses and insurance companies that have been recently subjected to general criticism keep their faithful old employes on the pay rolls.

CHANGES OF A DECADE IN LIFE OF THE ARMY

Army and Navy Life.

Many and striking changes have occurred in the army, its personnel, uniform, armament and equipment since the outbreak of the Spanish war in 1898, and a comparison of the conditions existing then and now may prove interesting to those who have entered the service in recent years.

When war was declared on April 26, 1898, the authorized enlisted strength of the army was 25,000 men, the line consisting of 10 regiments of cavalry, 7 regiments of artillery, and 25 regiments of infantry, the various staff departments having about half their present strength. Today the authorized strength is nearly 70,000, the line including 3 battalions of engineers, 15 regiments of cavalry, 6 regiments of field artillery, 170 companies of coast artillery and 30 regiments of infantry. In the staff departments there are about 4,500 men; the hospital corps has about 3,000; 50 companies of Philippine scouts and the Porto Rico regiment of infantry bring the total strength up to 80,000 men, approximately.

Varying climatic conditions have called for suitable uniforms, and this necessity has been met by the adoption of uniforms for stations in the tropics, and others making for comfort "where winter wraps the polar world in snow." Thus we have the white and cotton khaki uniforms in the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico, while the Buffalo overcoat, fur cap and felt offset to some extent the rigors of an Alaskan winter. Even at home more attention is now paid to the requirements of the ever-changing seasons, and comfort and health are safeguarded accordingly.

The past ten years have brought a complete revolution in our system of coast defense. The installation of modern high-power guns, with position-finding equipment and accessories at all the important harbors has made the coast defense system the most complete and efficient in the world. Almost every day we read of an artillery command making 100 per cent hits on a rapidly moving tarket five or six miles distant from the guns; such a performance is possible only with perfect armament and equipment and the most intelligent and carefully trained personnel.

In the mobile army, field artillery, cavalry and infantry, annual combined maneuvers in battle exercises have brought these arms to the highest standard of efficiency, and experience at home and observation abroad have led to the ready solution of problems of mobilization, supply and maintenance formerly deemed of but little moment.

The pay of the enlisted men has been very materially increased and the ration augmented, so that in these respects the army of the United States is now on a basis equal at least to any of the foreign armies.

From 1890 to 1901 the sale of beer and light wines was permitted in the Post Exchange, but this (the "canteen feature" of the exchange) was abolished by an act of congress approved February 2, 1901. This action met with strong disapproval in the army, service sentiment, both as to the officers and enlisted men, being almost unanimously opposed to it. So much has been written on this subject that it is scarcely necessary to enlarge on it here, but it may be said that the soldier looks upon the prohibition to have beer in the canteen under proper restrictions as an infringement of his constitutional rights, and an expression of the opinion that he cannot be trusted to maintain proper discipline, and to conduct himself as a good soldier should if beer is allowed in the post, in the ranks the re-estabuishment of the canteen would be hailed as the restoration of a right, an acknowledgment that soldiers are reasoning men—not children, and possessed of sufficient self-restraint to take an occasional glass of beer without forgetting their obligations to the service.

We have made wonderful progress during the past decade, and there is no doubt that the army can be trusted to give a good account of itself in any emergency. The man in the ranks is proud of the service, its uniform and its traditions, proud and contented to be even a small cog in the magnificent machine of the national defense.

Old 1908 a Record-Smashing Year

nteen hundred and eight promises are written itself down for all time year of "records."

merican crops, from wheat to ky, from petroleum to peanuts, have far, far behind the old familiar fig-

st to west, north to south, the same has been told—things bigger or er, smarter or stranger, have been rule, not the exception.

he first motor car ever to honk gh Jerusalem's streets set the peo- here dodging in March, and troubled has despatched an ambassador to ns for the first time in a little mat- 2,399 years.

n the other side of the globe Alaska s down word of a $3,000,000 gold ut for the spring season, while thern California figures out that nev- efore had she had such lots and lots emons.

hen Sesaphimoff, master gardener oronesh, Russia, proclaimed to the d that he had really grown a black ; when C. H. Healy, of Melbourne, ralia, succeeded in playing fifty and hours on a piano without stopping, merely broke two more records.

n East St. Louis contractor broke record in building and furnishing a e in one working day. At eight the foundation trench was finished; oon thirty-one workmen were finish- the roof; at four p. m. the sashing clapboarding was completed and at p. m. the neighbors helped the and bridegroom move into a four- dwelling, with plumbing, gas and city all complete.

ay were the records broken o nthe

February, United States cruiser land, steaming in battle formation, not speed, made 8.43 hits per min- in a target twelve by twenty-one 1,700 yards away.

June the United States scout er Salem, off the Maine coast, at- d a speed of 26.88 knots over a ured mile.

the same month the United States er North Carolina, coaling at New- took on 487 tons in an even three , which included the time of rig- the gear.

August the Cunarder Lusitania the "short course" westward in days fifteen hours twenty-five min-

World's Largest Smokestack.

reat Falls, Montana, set up the 's largest smokestack, its 10,000 of concrete leading to a height of feet.

ew York's Metropolitan building ran 700 foot tower. The Equitable ing is to climb to 909 feet, and the building is to top that again by another hundred, equalling the Eiffel structure. But what of all this? Architects and engineers have now figured out that a 2,000 foot building is practical. It would cost some $60,000,000, but the chances are fair that it will be erected soon, leaving St. Peter's at Rome in a veritable valley and dwarfing old Storm King Mountain.

Apropos of mountains, August saw a St. Bernard climb Mount Blanc in search of a master who had left him behind at Chamounix; while, in the same month, a Bostonian broke all local climbing records by ascending the peaks of the Jungfrau, the Moench and the Elger in one day.

Nor were the women left behind. In the Himalayas Mrs. Workman has topped a peak something more than 23,000 feet up in the air, and in the Peruvian Andes Miss Peck has reached the 26,000 foot of summit of Huascaran.

Massachusetts claims (unchallenged) the butter championship of the world, with "Johanna," who anteed up 35.22 pounds in one working week. Her yearly milk output totals at 27,433 pounds.

Illinois puts in her bid with the announcement of sheltering the world's best ploughman. In September Alvan Stark, of Joliet, drove a single sulky plough with three horses over an acre lot without the variation of half an inch in his furrows, measured at both ends and in the middle.

Vermont has the record woodchopper, Edward Mott, of Weatherfield, in an hour and a half under the sunrise to sunset period of a September day, cut, chopped, split and piled five and an eighth cords.

South Dakota has produced the year's heavyweight farmer, Caton Hoblett, of Clark, weighs a little matter of 512 pounds, and still attends strictly and actively to his 1,500 acres.

Enters College at Ten.

In Setember ten-year-old W. J. Sidis, of Brookline, passed his entrance examinations for "The Tech," Boston's high grade scientific college, where the average age of first year students is twenty-one.

Three months earlier Maurice Moriarty steamed from New York for Ireland for his first vacation in fifty-four years. He was an employe of the Cheney Mills, at Manchester, Conn., and had worked week days and Sundays for more than thirty years, and six days out of every seven for the remainder of this time.

Glasgow, Scotland, has produced a family of five whose combined ages aggregate 384; Altendorf, Hungary, has witnessed a marriage between a husband of 120 and a wife of 102; and Chikuga, Japan, has located the oldest man in the world within her picturesque limits —Mr. Kosaburo Futimatsu is 171.

Up to the day of this discovery Andreiff Schmidt, son of a German, once resident in Vilna, Russia, had been held the veteran of living venerables, with 136 years to his credit; when he heard he had fallen to second place he walked over to Warsaw just to show he was not incapacitated by the news. The distance between the cities is some two hundred and fifty miles.

Another travel record was made when three-year-old Wilfred Stevens made the 11,000-mile trip from South Africa to New York, in charge only of a motherly stewardess.

Several Biggest "Evers."

A candle ten feet tall, warranted to burn for more than two years, was made for New York's cathedral.

Major Henry Lethwaite Armstrong, of the British forces in India, achieved what has been held impossible in killing with one bullet from his service revolver a man eating tiger. It measured nine feet three inches from nose to tail.

J. G. Milsap, of Brady, Texas, found in the San Saba river, near Menardville, a fresh water pearl the size of a hen's egg and weighing a trifle more than one thousand grains.

The biggest clock in the world was started in May in the tower of the works of Colgate & Co., near Jersey City. The dial is thirty-eight feet in diameter, the hour hand fifteen feet long and the minute hand twenty. Twenty men, shoulder to shoulder, could stand across its face, which is 1,134 square feet in area.

The largest shark ever captured was taken in June in San Pedro Bay, California, weighing 14,000 pounds and measuring thirty-two feet. The mouth opened was two and a half feet across.

The largest elephant's tusk ever brought out of Africa was shipped to London in August. It measured something more than ten feet in length and was valued at $2,000.

The largest passenger steamship and the largest battleship yet launched took water in September, the White Star liner Laurentic and H. M. S. St. Vincent.

The largest of submarines was launched in October at Cherbourg. She is 208 feet long, of 625 tons displacement and fifteen knot speed.

Miss Fritz has won the world's championship on the typewriter, batting out eighty-seven completed words per minute. C. W. Gonkling at the Denver convention last spring sent 73,000 words tickling their way over the wires into New York in twenty-eight hours—something like 52½ words every minute. And a fourteen-year-old colored maiden in Cleveland touched yet another high water mark when she spelled the 500 test words at a "bee" with never a miss.

London's July had to show only thirty-seven hours of sunshine in seventeen days; Strawn, Tex., did all but break its thermometers in September, with 112 degrees, on the 7th; while, on the 24th of April, Mississippi played unwilling hostess to no less than eight tornadoes between twenty minutes to three a. m. and six p. m.

The SLAVE of SILENCE

BY F. M. WHITE

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CHAPTER XVII.

The gray lady stood there with her hands pressed to her heart, her great pathetic eyes dilated with a curious fear. It was a long time before she spoke, though it was easy to see that she had penetrated Berrington's disguise. But then, he had spoken in his natural voice, which made all the difference. It seemed to him that the gray lady would have fallen had he not put out his hand and supported her slender frame.

"Wait a bit," Berrington whispered. "Don't try to talk yet. You are surprised to see me here, Mary. And yet it is natural enough—you must know that I have been seeking you for years. Why have you carefully avoided me all this time?"

A little color crept into the cheeks of the gray lady. Field had drawn into the background with a feeling that he was not wanted here. Yet he was not pleased at the unexpected contretemps. The detective had mapped out a line for himself, and he desired now to bring it to a successful conclusion. And yet the interruption might not altogether be without its good results. Field had, of course, already heard a great deal about the gray lady, and he did not doubt that the pathetic figure standing there in the doorway was the same person.

"You will not forget to be cautious," he whispered.

The gray lady started. She had not anticipated that anybody else was there.

"Who is that?" she asked. "And how did you get here?"

"Well, we got into the house by the pantry window," Berrington explained. He had himself well in hand again by this time. "I am afraid that we must have some kind of an understanding, Mary. Would you mind, Inspector?"

Field was understood to say that he had no objection so long as it did not lead to anything rash. He began to wish that he had half a dozen or so of his most trusted men with him. Meanwhile his hands were tied and he could do no more than wait developments. He had naturally a keen desire to know what was going on behind the closed door of the dining room, but on that score he would have to possess his soul in patience for the time. He had the comfortable assurance that he could bag his birds, one by one, later on.

"Don't go out of earshot and don't betray yourself, sir," he said. Berrington gave the desired assurances and he and his companion passed quietly across the hall to a morning room beyond. This was at the back of the house, with a French window that gave on to the back lawn. The gray lady softly undid the catch.

"That will be an easy way out for you, if necessary," she said. "If anybody comes in here you can slip out into the garden. And now, Philip, how did you find me?"

Berrington made no reply for the moment. He was looking at the pale features of his companion with something like a lovelight in his eyes. Looked at closely it was a beautiful face, despite its sorrow and the gray hair that crowned it. Berrington recollected the gray lady as a merry laughing girl, who seemed not to have a single care in the world. His mind was very far away from Audley Place at that moment.

"How long since we last met, Mary!" he said.

The woman sighed and her eyes filled with tears. Berrington had struck a tender cord.

"Four months, four years, four centuries!" she said with a passionate catch of her voice. "You are not angry with me, Phil? I can see you are not angry with me."

"My dearest, no. When I look at you I can feel no anger in my heart against you. My God, what you must have suffered! The same and yet so different. All your color has gone, the laughter from your eyes, the tender lines of your mouth. And yet at the outside your years cannot be more than thirty."

"Thirty-one," the other said mournfully. "And yet I seem to have lived such a long, long life. You think that I treated you very badly, Phil?"

"My dear Mary, how could I come to any other conclusion? You were engaged to me, we were going to be married, the very hour was fixed. Then you disappeared utterly, leaving nothing more than a note to say that I was to forget you and not seek you. I was to think of you as being utterly unworthy to become a good man's wife."

"If you had done so a great deal of trouble and anxiety would have been saved, Phil."

"Yes, but I declined to do anything of the kind," Berrington said eagerly. "I knew that in some way you were sacrificing yourself for others. And when I found that your brother had gone, I felt absolutely certain of it."

"Did you discover anything about him?" the gray lady asked anxiously.

"Dear Mary, there was nothing fresh to discover. Your love for Carl made you blind to his faults. Did we not all know what he was! Every man in India who knew him could have told you. It is a painful thing to say, but he was an utter blackguard. But for influence, he had been expelled from the civil service long before he chose to vanish. It used to madden me to see the way in which he traded upon your affection for him. Oh, he was a bad man."

The red blood flamed into the cheeks of the listener. Berrington could see her hands clasped together.

"You are wrong," she said, "oh, I am sure you are wrong. Carl was a little selfish, perhaps, but then he was so brilliantly clever, so much sought after. And when he fell in love with —with the right woman, I was entirely happy. He was passionately in love, Phillip."

Berrington gave a dissenting gesture. There was a bitter smile on his lips.

"Carl never cared for anyone but himself," he said. "It was a physical impossibility."

"Indeed you do him wrong, Phil. He was very much in earnest with Sir Charles Darryll's ward who came out with her brother and his wife to Simla. All was going brilliantly when a rival came on the scene. You were not in Simla at the time, and I daresay if you had been you would never have heard anything about that unhappy business. Whether the rival used his power unscrupulously or not I never knew, but there was a quarrel one day, out riding. Even Carl refused to speak of it. But his rival was never seen again, and from that day to this Carl has been a physical wreck. He——"

"You don't mean to say," Berrington burst out, "you don't mean to say your brother is the Carl Sartoris who is master of this house?"

The woman hesitated, stammered, her face had grown very pale.

"You seem to know more than I imagined," she said. "Perhaps I shall understand better when I know what brings you here. But Carl Sartoris is my brother."

"So he has gone back to his mother's maiden name! Does an honest man want to do anything of that kind? But for the expression of your face, which is sweet and fair as ever, I should say that you were in this business. But I have only to glance at you to feel assured on that point. You say that your brother is more sinned against than sinning. Can you look me in the face and say that he has no past behind him, that he is not making a mystery now?"

The girl's face grew pale and she cast down her eyes. Berrington kept down his rising passion.

"You cannot answer me," he went on. "You find it impossible to do so. You are running great risks for a worthless creature who is as crooked in mind as he is in body."

"Oh, don't," Mary Sartoris said. "Don't say such terrible things, please; they hurt me."

"My dear girl, I am sorry, but it is best to state these things plainly. You may not know everything, but you can guess a great deal. Otherwise, why did you try to see Sir Charles Darryll the night before his death, why did you write him the note that was found in his bedroom? And again, why did you stay in the hotel that night and try to warn the servants on night duty? You see, Mary, it is quite useless to try to keep the secret from me."

Mary Sartoris looked at the speaker with dilated eyes. For a moment she could not speak. And yet there were no signs of guilty terror on her face.

"I did not imagine that you knew so much," she said.

"I know more, but I would far rather know a great deal more," Berrington admitted. "Mind you, matters are out of my hands and the police are hot on the track. Why do you not confess everything and save yourself, Mary? For instance, you stand a chance of being placed in the dock on a charge of being concerned in the disappearance of Sir Charles Darryll's body."

"I am as innocent of that as the grave, Phil. I only did my best to try to prevent——"

"Oh, I know, I know," Berrington said impatiently. "But the fact remains that the body of Sir Charles Darryll was stolen for some vile purpose, and that the culprits are in grave danger. Your brother is at the bottom of this affair; he it was who drove up to the Royal Palace hotel in that black hansom that took the body away. And yet you say that that man——"

"Is more sinned against than sinning," Mary Sartoris cried. "I say it still. Of course you regard me as blind and foolish, but then you do not know everything."

"It is not a matter of what I know," Berrington protested. "Of course I should believe every word that you tell me. But the police will take another view of the matter altogether. Do you know what is going on behind that closed door yonder?"

The girl shuddered and hid her face in her hands. She seemed afraid to say anything. Berrington asked the question twice before he could get any reply.

"Indeed, I don't," she said. "I am not altogether in my brother's confidence. I ventured to say something to him today and he was dreadfully angry. He locked me in my bedroom, but I managed to get the door of the dressing room open and escaped that way. I was going to interfere when I saw you. There seem to be other people there."

"Oh, there are," Berrington said bitterly. "There are two adventurers, called Reggie and Cora, who very recently passed at the Royal Palace hotel for General Gastang and Countess de la Moray. There is the scoundrel Stephen Richford who tricked Beatrice Darryll into marrying him, and then there is also a ruffian called Dr. James Bentwood. What was that?"

"It seemed to me like a cry of pain," Mary Sartoris said in a frozen whisper.

It was a very like a cry of pain indeed, a fluttering, feeble cry ending in a moaning protest. Acting on the impulse of the moment, and forgetting Inspector Field altogether, Berrington crossed the hall and laid his hand on the knob of the door. Mary Sartoris darted after him, her face white with fear, and terror and anxiety in her accent.

"Don't do it," she said, "pray restrain yourself. There are mysteries here, strange, horrible mysteries that come from the East, of which you know nothing, despite the years you have passed in India. Oh, the danger that lies there!"

In spite of his courage, Berrington hesitated. He might have recovered his self-possession and returned to the drawing room, only the strange feeble cry of pain was raised again. It was more than flesh and blood could stand, and in a sudden passion Berrington opened the door. He would have entered resolutely, but Mary pulled him back.

"The mischief has been done," she said hurriedly. "If anyone has to suffer let it be me. I have brought you to this pass and I must get you out as best I can. Carl, what is this?"

The girl thrust herself past Berrington who stood in the shade of the doorway. There was a sudden snarling, with a cry from the girl, as a blow tingled on her cheek. Somebody laughed as if approving this cowardly business.

With a cry of rage Berrington darted into the room. Instantly a pair of strong hands were laid on him and he was borne backwards. Just for a moment he lashed out freely and successfully and then the weight of numbers were too much for him. The dining room door was closed again.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Inspector Field swore a good round oath under his breath. He had not looked for an insane folly like this from a well-trained officer who might have been expected to keep his feelings in check. But, as Field sadly reflected, it was useless to anticipate anything rational when a woman came into the case.

Everything had been going beautifully and smoothly a few minutes ago, and now the plot was ruined. Field was anything but a timid man, he had been in too many tight places in his life to know the meaning of the word timidity, but then he had to exercise a certain discretion.

At the same time he was not blind to the fact that his military ally was in considerable danger. The only thing now would be to hull the whole thing through, to pretend that the game was up and that the house was surrounded with police.

With this intention in his mind, Field crossed the hall and tried the dining room door. He was not altogether surprised to find the door locked. He listened at the keyhole, but he could not hear anything whatever. Furthermore, the application of an eye to the keyhole disclosed the fact that the room was in darkness. Despite his courage a thrill ran down the spine of the inspector. There was some more than usually devilish work going on here.

"Well, it can't be helped," Field muttered. "It's the fortune of war. One of us has come to grief, and if I stay here I may share the same fate, and I the only one left who knows anything of the secrets of the prison house. I'll run over and get assistance and we'll search the house. After all, my friend the colonel has only himself to blame."

Without waiting for anything further, Field slipped out by the way he had come. Once in the road, he glanced back at the house, but the whole place seemed to be in pitchy darkness. There was nothing for it now but to make his way to the nearest police station, and get all the assistance possible. There was no trouble at the station across the Common, the mere mention of Field's name being sufficient. A few minutes later half a dozen constables in silent shoes were on their way to the scene of action. There was to be no fuss and bother; they decided to enter quietly and unostentatiously by the larder window, which was done without any noise whatever.

Once the exits were guarded, there was no necessity for further concealment. But though the lights were turned up all over the house and the most careful search made, not a sign of human life could be seen. Everybody had vanished, as if the whole thing had been a dream. Field, standing in the hall and biting his nails, was fain to admit that he was beaten.

How on earth had those people managed to efface themselves in that amazing manner? They had all apparently vanished off the face of the earth. And there was that bulky package, too, that Field believed contained the body of Sir Charles. It was long past midnight before Field left the house, having taken precautions not to disturb anything, but even those precautions might have been in vain. For all he knew to the contrary, the place might be watched by its late occupants who were laughing in their sleeves.

"No use staying here any longer, Macklin," he said disgustedly. "I shall have to go back on my tracks once more. Never do I take an amateur into my business plans again. But it looks as if he had paid for his indiscretion. Good night."

It was late into the following afternoon before Field saw Beatrice Darryll again. When he did so, he had nothing to report save failure. Beatrice listened with the greatest interest to what had taken place the night before, but her interest gave place to grave anxiety when she heard what had been the result of Colonel Berrington's daring action.

"Do you suppose that he is in real danger?" Beatrice asked.

"Well, I'm afraid he is," Field admitted. "You see we are dealing with the most daring and clever and unscrupulous gang of scoundrels that I ever encountered. They would not stick at murder or anything else if anybody crossed them. Mind you, it was a most foolish thing for the colonel to do. Still, he is a soldier and a very resourceful man and he may pull through. Again these people may not have designs on his life; it is just possible that they might keep him a prisoner until their plans had been successfully carried out. Of course when the colonel was talking to the gray lady tonight I was not supposed to listen. But I have very good ears, and they spoke loudly at times. I gathered that the scoundrel Sartoris was once engaged to a young lady who threw him over. Now it occurred to me that the young lady might give me an idea or two, provided that she is in England at the present moment."

"Why should you think that she is not here?" Beatrice asked.

"Because the engagement took place at Simla. This young lady was staying with her brother and his wife; unfortunately I did not catch the name. The curious part of the affair is that she is a ward of your late father."

Beatrice looked puzzled for a moment. She did not quite understand.

"You mean that my father was guardian under a will, or something of that kind?" she asked.

"That's it, Miss," Field exclaimed. "We ought to be able to identify the young lady between us, especially as the affair only took place three years ago or so, as I understand. If you will pardon me for saying so, Sir Charles was a very careless gentleman, and hardly the man that a careful parent would choose as a guardian. The young lady's father must have known yours very intimately indeed, or very little, it does not matter which. Still, I don't suppose that Sir Charles had many of these affairs on hand. Now, see if you can recollect anything of the kind happening during the last three or four years, Miss Darryll."

Beatrice thought the matter over carefully for a moment. Her face lighted up presently.

"I fancy that I have it," she said. "Lord Edward Decie, who was a great friend of my father, died about three years ago. The two men did a lot of speculating together, and indeed Lord Edward passed for a shrewd and successful man. When he died I know my father was executor under the will and that he had some control over the Hon. Violet Decie. I never saw the girl, I never saw the girl, because she went to India with a married brother, and, for all I know she is there still. I understand that she was rather an impulsive kind of girl who did wild things on the spur of the moment. But you can easily inquire."

Field's face expressed a guarded satisfaction. So far he was not very much out. "That is the young lady, miss," he cried. "I'll put the inquiries on foot at once. And I don't think that I need detain you any longer."

"One minute," Beatrice said. "What about Colonel Berrington? What steps have you taken to find him? Are you going to have that house at Wandsworth watched?"

Field intimated that he was, though in his opinion it was time wasted.

"They will expect something of the kind, you see," he said. "Of course it is a help to me that my presence in the house was not suspected. They may conclude that Berrington was alone in the business, and on the other hand they may not conclude anything of the kind. But, all the same, I am going to have the house carefully watched."

Before the day was out the disappearance of Sir Charles' body was obscured by the strange absence of Colonel Berrington. Field would have kept this latter fact concealed as far as possible, but then Berrington's landlady had been his old nurse, and she was not rational in the matter at all. The authorities had promised to do all they could, though the press accused them of being exceedingly lax in the business. As a matter of fact, Field had given his chiefs an inkling of the situation, so that they were really doing their best all the time. A carefully planned watch on the Wandsworth Common house had come to nothing, but the people there had not yet returned; indeed very little could have been done if they had.

And Field was turning in another direction. He had to trace the young lady who at one time had been engaged to Carl Sartoris, and he had found it a more difficult business than he had anticipated. It was a delicate business, too, calling for tactful manipulation. A somewhat talkative aunt of the young lady was found at length. She took Field for a lawyer who was seeking the Honorable Violet for her own advantage.

"Oh, yes. She has been back from India a long time," Lady Parkstone said. "Violet is a very strange and clever girl. Yes, she has been engaged more than once. But the engagements are always broken off. Violet was always in love with herself. But very clever, as I said before. At one time she bade fair to become quite a famous artist, and she has had stories in the magazines. Her last fad was the stage and that has lasted quite a long time. In fact she is on the stage now."

"In London, my lady?" Field asked. "She is not acting under her own name, of course?"

"No," Lady Parkstone explained. "She is Miss Adela Vane; at present she is playing at the Comedy opera house. It is just possible that you know the name."

Field knew the name very well. He departed presently well satisfied with the progress that he had made. It was getting quite late by the time he had found out where Miss Vane lodged, but he had time to go back to Scotland Yard again. There, a note from the superintendent of the Wandsworth police was awaiting him, asking him to go down as soon as possible. The note was vague but it suggested possibilities.

The Wandsworth authorities had not much to say, but they had one detail. Last night one of the men who was told to watch No. 100 had seen something. The windows were all shuttered from top to bottom, each shutter having a little ventilator in it. Field nodded, for he had noticed this himself.

"Very well, then," the superintendent went on. "So far as we know the house is empty. But is it? If so why should a light have been seen last night, behind the little round ventilator? The light came and went, and in a great flashing, dazzling kind of way for half an hour, and then stopped. It was as if a child was playing with the switch of the electric light."

Field nodded and smiled. He looked exceedingly pleased with himself.

"Guess I understand," he said. "Especially as we are seeking for a military gentleman. We'll go as far as Audley Place at once, and investigate. Only we shall have to call at the postoffice and borrow a clerk out of the telegraph department. Come along."

Field volunteered no explanation, and his puzzled colleague followed him out of the office. The telegraph operator and the others stood opposite the house in Audley Place till the patience of all was pretty well exhausted. Then suddenly the light began to flicker in the upper part of the house.

"Isn't that a message of some kind?" Field asked of the telegraph clerk.

"Right," the other said promptly. "That's a kind of telegraph dash and dot system. Whistle a bar from 'when we are married.' Thank you, sir. That's what the gentleman who is sending out those flash signals is asking somebody to do who happens to understand. That last lot of flashes means 'Thank the Lord.' Now he's getting to business. He wants to know who we are before he goes on."

"Can't you give it back again in any way?" Field asked. "Say it's me."

Very loudly the telegraphic operator tapped the pavement with his stick. It sounded quite meaningless, but the light in the house flared up and down in a triumphant kind of way. The flickering began once more and then stopped.

"It's Colonel Berrington," the clerk said presently. "He says you are not to bother about him in the least, as he is quite safe, and so long as he is in there the men are not likely to do anything rash. And here comes the gist of the message. You are to go to Edward street in the Borough and keep an eye on one of the houses there—the colonel doesn't know which. And you are to go at once, he says."

(To Be Continued.)

JOHN METCALF, PIONEER AND HIS OLD FLINTLOCK

In the township of Mendon, in the southern part of Massachusetts, there was in 1770 a young man whose skill with firearms was widely celebrated. He lived alone in a one-room house made of logs, some distance from any neighbor, in a pleasant clearing upon the banks of Mill creek.

The surrounding forest contained an abundance of game, which he shot for both food and sport. His real living, however, was gained at the frequent shooting matches held throughout the length and breadth of the state. And a very honorable living it was then considered; for, with the terrors of the French and Indian war in mind, the men, and the women, too, of that time held skill with weapons in high esteem.

These shooting matches rarely offered prizes in money. Usually the victor won beef, pork, lamb, poultry or live stock. Sometimes, however, household goods were the prize, and sometimes other merchandise. But, whatever the prize was, it could easily be turned into money; so that John Metcalf had an abundant larder, a well furnished cabin and a supply of cash amply sufficient for himself.

At the matches held in Mendon and the adjoining townships, John Metcalf's closest competitor was a man somewhat older than himself, who rivaled him also in suing for the heart and hand of Mary Turner, daughter of Mendon's only rich man. Neither Metcalf nor Chalfin was able to get a decided answer to his suit. The fact was, Mary found each man had pleasing qualities not possessed by the other, and both were equally ardent lovers and equally desirable husbands.

As time went by, Chalfin's ability as an expert shot increased, thereby reducing Metcalf's lead, and, worse, yet, his earnings also. Rumor, too, brought trouble, for the village gossips professed to know that Mary hald told in confidence that perhaps the best man would win.

So Metcalf and Chalfin each strove mightily. Every ingenious contrivance that they knew, heard of, or could invent, was tried in order to increase the accuracy of their great flintlock muskets. They sifted and re-sifted their powwer, to get grains of uniform size; accurately measured the charges and wrapped them in separate packages; trimmed their bullets by hand and patched them with greased buckskin cut to a size, and loaded them with the puckers to the front. Metcalf filed the front sight of his musket thin and cut a deeper notch in the tang screw. Chalfin bought a new gun.

Still Metcalf's lead was a dangerously small one; his friends chaffed him, and Mary was as coy as usual. Then, one day, he disappeared. A caller found his house to be abandoned. Whether or not the fair Mary knew his whereabouts, she kept her own counsel; certain it was a mystery to all others.

About two months later an early sunbeam of an August morning, streaming through the open shutter of Metcalf's cabin, showed John Metcalf upon his bed. Moving slowly along the wall, it chanced upon the polished patch box of a rifle resting above the fireplace, and instantly lighted the room with myriad reflections. Metcalf, half awake, was living over the adventures of his long journey to Pennsylvania, where, only, rifles were then made at their best. Aroused by the glimmer, he arose and took down his new treasure. Balancing it, turning it, appreciative of its rich, deep cherry color, its grace, its tense, alert, high-bred air, he felt well repaid for the time, effort and money spent. His pride, too, was touched, for throughout the length and breadth of the Province of Massachusetts Bay no other to his knowledge had else than a smoothbore; he alone had a rifle.

Thenceforth, at every shooting match, he and his rifle were objects of conspicuous attention. No longer was Chalfin a dangerous rival. Neither Chalfin's musket nor any man's fowlingpiece could hold a candle to the rifle for fine shooting at the regular range of ten measured rods. The larder of the little cabin overflowed with the bounty of his harvest. In its secret hiding place, under a stone of the hearth, a long woolen stocking bulged to the bursting point with money saved. John Metcalf was famous and growing rich Mendon honored him with public office. Mindful of the adage, "To him who hath shall be given," he once more and boldly asked Mary for the gift of her captious heart and dimpled hand. And as he shot and won so he wooed and won.

Army and Navy Life.

A MILLIONAIRE OF YESTERDAY

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

"From a conversational point of view," Lady Tresham remarked, "our guest tonight seems scarcely likely to distinguish himself."

Ernestine looked over her fan across the drawing room.

"I have never seen such an alteration in a man," she said, "in so short a time. This morning he amazed me. He knew the right people and did the right things—carried himself like a man who is sure of himself. Tonight he is simply a booby."

"Perhaps it is his evening clothes," Lady Tresham remarked, "they take some getting used to, I believe."

"This morning," Ernestine said, "he had passed that stage altogether. This is, I suppose, a relapse! Such a nuisance for you!"

Lady Tresham rose and smiled sweetly at the man who was taking her in.

"Well, he is to be your charge, so I hope you may find him more amusing than he looks," she answered.

It was an early dinner, to be followed by a visit to a popular theatre. A few hours ago Trent was looking forward to his evening with the keenest pleasure—now he was dazed—he could not readjust his point of view to the new conditions. He knew very well that it was his wealth, and his wealth only, which had brought him as an equal

never have called you a dreamer, a man likely to fancy things. I wonder if anything has really happened to make you talk like this?"

He flashed a quick glance at her underneath his heavy brows. Nothing in her face betrayed any more than the most ordinary interest in what he was saying. Yet somehow, from that moment, he had uneasy doubts concerning her, whether there might be by any chance some reason for the tolerance and the interest with which she had regarded him from the first. The mere suspicion of it was a shock to him. He relapsed once more into a state of nervous silence. Ernestine yawned, and her hostess threw more than one prying glance towards her.

Afterwards the whole party adjourned to the theatre, altogether in an informal manner. Some of the guests had carriages waiting, others went down in hansoms. Ernestine was rather late in coming downstairs and found Trent waiting for her in the hall. She was wearing a wonderful black satin opera cloak with pale green lining, her maid had touched up her hair and wound a string of pearls around her neck. He watched her as she came slowly down the stairs, buttoning her gloves, and looking at him with eyebrows faintly raised to see him waiting there alone. After all, what folly! Was it likely that wealth, however great, could ever make him of her world, could ever bring him in reality one degree nearer to her? That night he had lost all confidence. He told himself that it was the rankest presumption to even think of her.

"The others," he said, "have gone on. Lady Tresham left word that I was to take you."

She glanced at the old-fashioned clock which stood in the corner of the hall.

"How ridiculous to have hurried so!" she said. "One might surely be comfortable here instead of waiting at the theatre."

She walked towards the door with him. His own little night-brougham was waiting there, and she stepped into it.

"I am surprised at Lady Tresham," she said, smiling. "I really don't think that I am at all properly chaperoned. This comes, I suppose, from having acquired a character for independence."

Her gown seemed to fill the carriage—a little sea of frothy lace and muslin. He hesitated on the pavement.

"Shall I ride outside?" he suggested. "I don't want to crush you."

She gathered up her skirt at once and made room for him. He directed the driver and stepped in beside her.

"I hope," she said, "that your cigaret restored your spirits. You are not going to be as dull all the evening as you were at dinner, are you?"

He sighed a little wistfully. "I'd like to talk to you," he said simply, "but somehow tonight * * * you know it was much easier when you were a journalist from the Hour."

"Well, that is what I am now," she said, laughing. "Only I can't get away from all my old friends at once. The day after tomorrow I shall be back at work."

"Do you mean it?" he asked incredulously.

"Of course I do! You don't suppose I find this sort of thing particularly amusing, do you? Hasn't it ever occurred to you that there must be a terrible sameness about people who have been brought up amongst exactly the same surroundings and taught to regard life from exactly the same point of view?"

"But you belong to them—you have their instincts."

"I may belong to them in some ways, but you know that I am a revolted daughter. Haven't I proved it? Haven't I gone out into the world, to the horror of all my relatives, for the sole purpose of getting a firmer grip of life? And yet, do you know, Mr. Trent, I believe that tonight you have forgotten that. You have remembered my present character only, and, in despair of interesting a fashionable young lady, you have not talked to me at all, and I have been very dull."

"It is quite true," he assented. "All around us they were talking things of which I knew nothing, and you were one of them."

"How foolish! You could have talked to me about Fred and the road-making in Africa and I should have been more interested than inanything they could have said to me."

They were passing a brilliantly-lit corner, and the light flashed upon his strong set face, with its heavy eyebrows and firm lips. He leaned back and laughed hoarsely. Was it her fancy, she wondered, or did he seem not wholly at his ease.

"Haven't I told you a good deal? I should have thought that Fred and I between us had told you all about Africa that you would care to hear."

She shook her head. What she said next sounded to him, in a certain sense, enigmatic.

"There is a good deal left for you to tell me," she said. "Some day I shall hope to know everything."

He met her gaze without flinching.

"Some day," he said, "I hope you will."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The carriage drew up at the theatre and he handed her out—a little awkwardly perhaps, but without absolute clumsiness. They found all the rest of the party already in their seats and the curtain about to go up. They took the two end stalls, Trent on the outside. One chair only, next to him, remained unoccupied.

"You people haven't hurried," Lady Tresham remarked, leaning forward.

"We are in time at any rate," Ernestine answered, letting her cloak fall upon the back of the stall.

The curtain was rung up and the play began. It was a modern society drama, full of all the most up-to-date fashionable jargon and topical illusions. Trent grew more and more bewildered at every moment. Suddenly, towards the end of the first act, a fine dramatic situation leaped out like a tongue of fire. The interest of the whole audience, up to then only mildly amused, became suddenly intense. Trent sat forward in his seat. Ernestine ceased to fan herself. The man and the woman stood face to face—the light bandinage which had been passing between them suddenly ended—the man, with his sin stripped bare, mercilessly exposed, the woman, his accuser, passionately eloquent, pouring out her scorn upon a mute victim. The audience knew what the woman in the play did not know, that it was for love of her that the man had sinned, to save her from a terrible danger which had been hovering very near her life. The curtain fell, the woman leaving the room with a final taunt flung over her shoulder, the man seated at a table looking steadfastly into the fire with fixed, unseeing eyes. The audience drew a little breath and then applauded; the orchestra struck up and a buzz of conversation began.

It was then that Ernestine first observed how absorbed the man at her side had become. His hands were gripping the arms of the stall, his eyes were fixed upon the spot somewhere behind the curtain where this sudden little drama had been played out, as though indeed they could pierce the heavy upholstery and see beyond into the room where the very air seemed quivering still with the vehemence of the woman's outpoured scorn. Ernestine spoke to him at last, the sound of her voice brought him back with a start to the present.

"You like it?"

"The latter part," he answered. "What a sudden change! At first I thought it rubbish, afterwards it was wonderful."

"Hubert is a fine actor," she remarked, fanning herself. "It was his first opportunity in the play, and he certainly took advantage of it."

He turned deliberately round in his seat towards her, and she was struck with the forceful eagerness of his dark, set face.

"The man," he whispered hoarsely, "sinned for the love of the woman. Was he right? Would a woman forgive a man who deceived her for her own sake—when she knew?"

Ernestine held up her program and studied it deeply.

"I cannot tell," she said, "it depends."

Trent drew a little breath and turned away. A quiet voice from his other side whispered in his ear—

"The woman would forgive if she cared for the man."

* * * * * *

Trent turned sharply and the light died out of his voice. Surely it was an evil omen, this man's coming; for it was Captain Francis who had taken the vacant seat and who was watching his astonishment with a somewhat saturnine smile.

"Rather a stupid play, isn't it? By the by, Trent, I wish you would ask Miss Wendermott's permission to present me. I met her young cousin out at Attra."

Ernestine heard and leaned forward smiling. Trent did as he was asked, with set teeth and an ill grace. From then until the curtain went up for the next act, he had only to sit still and listen.

Afterwards the play scarcely fulfilled the promise of its commencement. At the third act Trent had lost all interest in it. Suddenly an idea occurred to him. He drew a card from his pocket, and, scribbling a word or two on it, passed it along to Lady Tresham. She leaned forward and smiled approval upon him.

"Delighted!"

Trent reached for his hat and whispered in Ernestine's ear.

"You are all coming to supper with me at the Milan," he said; "I am going on now to see about it."

She smiled upon him, evidently pleased.

"What a charming idea? But do you mean all of us?"

"Why not?"

He found his carriage outside without much difficulty and then drove quickly round to the Milan restaurant. The director looked doubtful.

"A table for eighteen, sir! It is quite too late to arrange it, except in a private room."

"The ladies prefer the large room," Trent answered decidedly, "and you must arrange it somehow. I'll give you carte blanche as to what you serve, but it must be of the best."

The man bowed. This must be a millionaire, for the restaurant was the Milan.

"And the name, sir?"

"Scarlett Trent—you may not know me, but Lady Treshman, Lord Collliston and the Earl of Howton are amongst my guests."

The man saw no more difficulties. The name of Scarlett Trent was the name which impressed him. The English aristocrat he had but little respect for, but a millionaire was certainly next to the gods.

"We must arrange the table crosswise, sir, at the end of the room," he said. "And about the flowers?"

"The best, and as many as you can get," Trent answered shortly. "I have a £100 note with me. I shall not grumble if I get little change out of it, but I want value for the money."

"You shall have it, sir!" the man answered significantly—and he kept his word.

Trent reached the theatre only as the people were streaming out. In the lobby he came face to face with Ernestine and Francis. They were talking together earnestly, but ceased directly they saw him.

"I have been telling Captain Francis," Ernestine said, "of your delightful invitation."

"I hope that Captain Francis will join us," Trent said coldly.

Francis stepped behind for a moment to light a cigaret.

"I shall be delighted," he answered.

* * * * * * *

The supper party was one of those absolute and complete successes which rarely fall to the lot of even the most carefully thought out of social functions. Every one of Lady Tresham's guests had accepted the hurried invitation, every one seemed in good spirits, and delighted at the opportunity of unrestrained conversation after several hours at the theatre. The supper itself, absolutely the best of its kind, from the caviare and plovers' eggs to the marvelous ices, and served in one of the handsomest rooms in London, was really beyond criticism. To Trent it seemed almost like a dream, as he leaned back in his chair and looked down at the little party—the women with their bare shoulders and jewels, bathed in the soft glow of the rose-shaded electric lights, the piles of beautiful pink and white flowers, the gleaming silver, and the wine which frothed in their glasses. The music of the violins on the balcony blended with the soft, gay voices of the women. Ernestine was by his side, every one was good humored and enjoying his hospitality. Only one face at the table was a reminder of the instability of his fortunes— a face he had grown to hate during the last few hours with a passionate, concentrated hatred. Yet the man was of the same race as these people, his connections were known to many of them, he was making new friends and reviving old ties every moment. During a brief lull in the conversation his clear, soft voice suddenly reached Trent's ears. He was telling a story.

"Africa," he was saying, "is a country of surprises. Attra seems to be a city of hopeless exile for all white people. Last time I was there I used to notice every day a very old man making a pretence of working in a kitchen garden attached to a little white mission-house—a Basle Society depot. He always seemed to be leaning on his spade, always gazing out seawards in the same intent, fascinated way. Some one told me his history at last. He was an Englishman of good position who had got into trouble in his younger days and served a term of years in prison. When he came out, sooner than disgrace his family further, he published a false account of his death and sailed under a disguised name for Africa. There he has lived ever since, growing older and sinking lower, often near fortune but always missing it, a slave to bad habits, weak and dissolute if you like, but ever keeping up his voluntary sacrifice, ever with that unconquerable longing for one last glimpse of his own country and his own people. I saw him, not many months ago, still there, still with his eyes turned seawards and with the same wistful droop of the head. Somehow I can't help thinking that that old man was also a hero."

The tinkling of glasses and the soft murmuring of whispered conversation had ceased during Francis' story. Every one was a little affected—the soft throbbing of the violins upon the balcony was almost a relief. Then there was a little murmur of sympathetic remarks—but amongst it all Trent sat at the head of the table with white, set face but with red fire before his eyes. This man had played him false. He dared not look at Ernestine—only he knew that her eyes were wet with tears and that her bosom was heaving.

The spirits of men and women who sup are mercurial things, and it was a gay leave-taking half an hour or so later in the little Moorish room at the head of the staircase. But Ernestine left her host without even appearing to see his outstretched hand, and he let her go without a word. Only when Francis would have followed her Trent laid a heavy hand upon his shoulder.

"I must have a word with you, Francis," he said.

"I will come back," he said. "I must see Miss Wendermott into her carriage."

But Trent's hand remained there, a grip of iron from which there was no escaping. He said nothing, but Francis knew his man and had no idea of making a scene. So he remained till the last had gone and a tall, black servant had brought their coats from the cloak room.

"You will come with me, please," Trent said, "I have a few words to say to you."

Francis shrugged his shoulders and obeyed.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Scarcely a word passed between the two men until they found themselves in the smoking-room of Trent's house. A servant noiselessly arranged decanters and cigars upon the sideboard, and, in response to an impatient movement of Trent's, withdrew. Francis lit a cigaret. Trent, contrary to his custom, did not smoke. He walked to the door and softly locked it. Then he returned and stood looking down at his companion.

"Francis," he said, "you have been my enemy since the day I saw you first in Bekwando village."

"Scarcely that," Francis objected. "I have distrusted you since then, if you like."

"Call it what you like," Trent answered. "Only tonight you have served me a scurvy trick. You were a guest at my table and you gave me not the slightest warning. On the contrary, this morning you offered me a week's respite."

"The story I told," Francis answered, "could have had no significance to them."

"I don't know whether you are trying to deceive me or not," Trent said, "only if you do not know, let me tell you—Miss Wendermott is that old man's daughter!"

The man's start was real. There was no doubt about that. "And she knew?"

"She knew that he had been in Africa, but she believed that he had died there. What she believes at this moment I cannot tell. Your story evidently moved her. She will probably try to find out from you the truth."

Francis nodded.

"She has asked me to call upon her tomorrow."

"Exactly. Now, forgive my troubling you with personal details, but you've got to understand. I mean Miss Wendermott to be my wife."

Francis sat up in his chair genuinely surprised. Something like a scowl was on his dark, sallow face.

"Your wife!" he exclaimed, "aren't you joking, Trent?"

"I am not," Trent answered sharply. "From the moment I saw her that has been my fixed intention. Every one thinks of me as simply a speculator with the money fever in my veins. Perhaps that was true once. It isn't now! I must be rich to give her the position she deserves. That's all I care for money."

"I am very much interested," Francis said slowly, "to hear your intentions. Hasn't it occurred to you, however, that your behavior toward Miss Wendermott's father will take a great deal of explanation?"

"If there is no interference," Trent said, "I can do it. There is mystery on her part too, for I offered a large reward and news of him through my solicitor, and she actually refused to reply. She has refused any money accruing to her through her father, or to be brought into contact with any one who could tell her about him."

"The fact," Francis remarked drily, "is scarcely to her credit. Monty may have been disreputable enough, I've no doubt he was; but his going away and staying there all these years was a piece of noble unselfishness."

"Monty has been hardly used in some ways," Trent said. "I've done my best by him, though."

"That," Francis said coldly, "is a matter of opinion."

"I know very well," Trent answered, "what yours is. You are welcome to it. You can blackguard me all round London if you like in a week—but I want a week's grace."

"Why should I grant it you?"

Trent shrugged his shoulders.

"I won't threaten," he said, "and I won't offer to bribe you, but I've got to have that week's grace. We're both men, Francis, who've been accustomed to our own way, I think. I want to know on what terms you'll grant it me."

Francis knocked the ash off his cigarette and rose slowly to his feet.

"You want to know," he repeated meditatively, "on what terms I'll hold my tongue for a week. Well, here's my answer! On no terms at all!"

"You don't mean that," Trent said quietly.

"We shall see," Francis answered grimly. "I'll be frank with you, Trent. When we came here you called me your enemy. Well in a sense you were right. I distrusted and disliked you from the moment I first met you in Bekwando village with poor old Monty for a partner and read the agreement you had drawn up and the clause about the death of either making the survivor sole legatee. In a regular fever swamp Monty was drinking poison like water—and you were watching. That may have seemed all right to you. To me it was very much like murder. It was my mistrust of you which made me send men after you both through the bush, and, sure enough, they found poor Monty abandoned, left to die while you had hastened off to claim your booty. After that I had adventures of my own for a bit and I lost sight of you until I came across you and your gang road-making, and I am bound to admit that you saved my life. That's neither here nor there. I asked about Monty and you told me some plausible tale. I went to the place you spoke of—to find him of course spirited away. We have met again in England, Scarlett Trent, and I have asked once more for Monty. Once more I am met with evasions This morning I granted you a week—now I take back my word. I am going to make public what I know tomorrow morning."

"Since this morning, then," Trent said, "your ill-will toward me has increased."

"Quite true," Francis answered. "We are playing with the cards upon the table, so I will be frank with you. What you told me about your intentions towards Miss Wendermott makes me determined to strike at once!"

"You yourself, I fancy," Trent said said quietly, "admired her?"

"More than any woman I have ever met," Francis answered promptly, "and I consider your attitude towards her grossly presumptuous."

Trent stood quite still for a moment—then he unlocked the door.

"You had better go, Francis," he said quietly. "I have a defense prepared but I will reserve it. And listen, when I locked that door it was with a purpose. I had no mind to let you leave as you are leaving. Never mind. You can go—only be quick."

Francis paused upon the threshold. "You understand," he said significantly.

"I understand," Trent answered.

* * * * * * * *

An hour passed, and Trent still remained in the chair before his writing-table, his head upon his hand, his eyes fixed upon vacancy. Afterwards he always thought of that hour as one of the bitterest of his life. A strong and self-reliant man, he had all his life ignored companionship, had been well content to live without friends, self-contained and self-sufficient. Tonight the spectre of a great loneliness sat silently by his side! His heart was sore, his pride had been bitterly touched, the desire and the whole fabric of his life was in imminent and serious danger.

The man who had left him was an enemy and a prejudiced man, but Trent knew that he was honest. He was the first human being to whom he had ever betrayed the solitary ambition of his life, and his scornful words seemed still to bite the air. If—he was right! Why not? Trent looked with keen, merciless eyes through his past, and saw never a thing there to make him glad. He had started life a workman, with a few ambitions all of a material nature—he had lived the life of a cold, scheming moneygetter, absolutely selfish, negatively moral, doing little evil perhaps, but less good. There was nothing in his life to make him worthy of a woman's love, most surely there was nothing which could ever make it possible that such a woman as Ernestine Wendermott should ever care for him. All the wealth of Africa could never make him anything different from what he was. And yet, as he sat and realized this, he knew that he was writing down his life a failure. For, beside his desire for her, there were no other things he cared for in life. Already he was weary of financial warfare—the city life had palled upon him. He looked at the pile of letters waiting for him upon his desk, little square envelopes many of them, but all telling the same tale, all tributes to his great success, and the mockery of it all smote hard upon the walls of his fortitude. Lower and lower his head drooped until it was buried in his folded arms—and the hour which followed he always reckoned the bitterest of his life.

(Concluded Next Week.)

FREE BOOK ABOUT CANCER.

CANCEROL has proved its merits in the treatment of cancer. It is not in an experimental stage. Records of undisputed cures of cancer in nearly every part of the body are contained in Dr. Leach's new 100-page book. This book also tells the cause of cancer and instructs in the care of the patient; tells what to do in case of bleeding, pain, odor, etc. A valuable guide in the treatment of any case. A copy of this valuable book free to those interested. Address DR. L. T. LEACH, Box 145, Indianapolis, Ind.

OPPORTUNITY IN WEST

Still Plenty of Land to Be Had and New Country Being Opened Up With Profit.

Despite the common belief, many opportunities still present themselves to the thoughtful homeseeker in the west. There is still plenty of rich, desirable land, only waiting to be developed by the man anxious to improve his prospects.

Just now the land that promises to become valuable in the near future is located in northern South Dakota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, and Washington. Towns are springing up like mushrooms in a night. Only a year ago the first section of this new country was opened for settlement by the United States department of the interior, but now, since a railroad has been constructed, several score of towns have come into existence, and the foundations for many more are being laid already. As for great future prospects, the new territory promises to excel some of the richest and most densely populated sections of the west.

Just a year ago the first regular trains were operated on the Pacific coast extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad, the service at that time extending from Mobridge, South Dakota, to Lemmon, Butte county, same state, a distance of about 100 miles west of the Missouri river. Immediately a great desolate, uninhabited territory was transformed into scenes of lively building operations, and new towns were soon added to the map. Today the new line is completed and regular trains are operated as far west as Butte, Montana, through the new cities. From Chicago to Butte the railroad distance is 1,523 miles.

More and more every day are the sage words of Horace Greeley, "Young man, go west," being appreciated by persons who are looking into the future. Marvelous opportunities for bettering one's circumstances are to be found in the new country. In Montana, one may prosper in general farming and stock-raising; in Idaho, the lands are heavily timbered with white pine, while the state of Washington is becoming famous as a great wheat and fruit country more and more every day.

The land is particularly well adapted to general farming, dairying and stock raising in the Dakota new section. The principal crops are wheat, oats, rye, barley, hay and potatoes. There are good opportunities for dairying and raising of vegetables. Land there now sells from $15 an acre upwards, and much of it is located close to the new line. The climate is mild and the average rainfall is ample to insure crops each year. Lignite coal, which is used exclusively for fuel, may be had for the digging in many sections, so that the intending settler need fear no fuel famine. There are several lignite coal mines in operation close to the new line in the Dakotas.

Homestead Lands Available.

Not a few people believe that there is little or no government land available in the United States, but this is a mistaken idea, as there are still thousands of acres of fine farming lands which may still be acquired under the homestead laws from the government for a nominal sum, and plenty of this land is yet available in Butte county, South Dakota, as well as in Custer, Rosebud and Fergus counties, Montana. The government land in these counties is being rapidly taken up by the thoughtful homesteader who has an eye for the future, and it is a good idea for those contemplating filing on a tract to do so early, as the earlier it is done the better are the opportunities for securing a tract close to a railroad, which is an important point. There are no very exacting conditions to which the homesteaders are subjected, as all that is required is that they examine the tract upon which it is desired to locate and, after paying the necessary entry fees, live upon the land for five years and cultivate a part of it to show intention of making the same their permanent home. When homesteaders desire to do so, they may commute at the end of fourteen months from date of settlement, by making a small cash payment per acre to the government. In the Dakotas the total fees are $34 as a maximum, and $26 as a minimum, while in Montana they are $42 and $30 respectively, for a tract of 160 acres.

Opportunities in Montana.

The land in Montana offers opportunities for general farming and stock raising principally, and for the greater part does not require irrigation. This is especially true of the Musselshell valley, on either side of the river of that name which forms the boundary line between Yellowstone and Fergus counties, in the central part of the state. At Lavina, south of the river in Yellowstone county, an experiment station has been established, and in the past year it was demonstrated that practically all of the grains and crops of the middle western states can be produced in that section of Montana absolutely without irrigation.

North of the Musselshell river in Fergus county there are still thousands of acres of government land available, and in the past year most of the applications for such lands in Montana have been for those located in this particular section of the county.

One of the best localities in the state is the famed Judith Basin in the northwestern part of Fergus county. The basin occupies about 2,000 square miles of territory and alone can supply the entire state with all the necessities of life.

The climate in the Judith Basin is mild. The summers are not too warm; nor are the winters very cold. All the crops of the states farther east are produced, and there is an excellent market for them, as the many mining camps in the county take practically everything that is produced. Thousands of farmers in the Judith Basin are engaging profitably in dairying, truck farming and raising of hogs and poultry.

Some of the average yields of various crops in the Judith Basin last year were: Wheat, on eighty-one farms, 36.66 bushels per acre; oats, on ninety-three farms, 56.40 bushels per acre; barley, on seventeen farms, 43.91 bushels per acre; rye, 25 bushels per acre; potatoes, 225 bushels per acre.

In addition to agriculture, coal mining, gold and silver mining are extensively carried on in the Judith Basin. There are also some homestead lands available in the Judith Basin, but on account of the superior productiveness and excellent character of the land, there are but few homesteads left close to the railroad. In the Judith Basin excellent agricultural land may now be purchased at $20 per acre and upwards. It is not necessary to pay the entire purchase price for it, as most of the larger landowners will make arrangements with buyers for paying $1 per acre down and the balance on easy terms.

Idaho Heavily Timbered.

In Idaho the country along the new line is heavily timbered, most of the timber being white pine. This is probably the largest existing white pine district in the United States. St. Joe City is a prosperous little town, having a sawmill of 40,000 feet capacity daily and another one of 100,000 feet capacity. St. Joe City is one of the principal pleasure resorts of Idaho, and excursion steamers on the beautiful St. Joe river are already engaged in a profitable business.

The land in the Coeur d'Alene Indian reservation is excellent for farming purposes.

Washington Wheat and Fruit.

Whitman, Adams, Douglas, Kittitas and King counties are crossed by the new line in Washington. The Great Bend and Palouse districts, both of which are well known for their exceptionally large yields of wheat, are tapped by this new line.

In Whitman, Adams and Douglas counties alone during 1907 over 20,000,000 bushels of wheat were raised. Oats, barley, alfalfa and timothy hay, potatoes, garden truck, dairy products and poultry are extensively produced and great opportunities are offered to persons who will engage in such business.

One of the many advantages offered in Washington to the prospective settler is that small irrigated farms or orchards of five or ten acres may be secured at reasonable figures and enable the farmer or orchardist to make a good living. While the orchards are growing to the productive age, the orchardist can employ his time profitably by raising potatoes, garden truck or vegetables in the orchard or in engaging in dairying or poultry raising. Orchards in Washington produce from $500 to $600 per acre and cases are on record where in the past year orchards brought as high as $3,000 per acre, but such cases were not general, and the lands were exceptionally well irrigated and taken care of by experienced orchardists.

Fast Railroad Building.

Some of the difficulties in construction work along the new line that had to be, or are still to be, overcome, such as bridge building, tunnel work, etc., may be of interest.

At Mobridge, where the Pacific coast extension crosses the Missouri river, there is a three-span steel bridge, each span 425 feet long, with steel trestle approaches, 1,300 and 125 feet respectively on the east and west sides, and the tracks are 60 feet above highwater mark. One of the piers supporting the bridge work is 92 feet below the river bed, while another is 68 feet below. Over two years were necessary in building this bridge, during which time a temporary pontoon bridge was used. Its cost was over $2,000,000 alone.

Between Terry and Forsythe, Montana, a distance of 90 miles, the Yellowstone is crossed three times. Extensive bridgework was also necessary at Lombard, Montana, 80 miles east of Butte, where the Northern Pacific tracks and the Missouri river are crossed by one large six-span bridge 600 feet long. Some difficult bridgework is now under way at the crossing of the Columbia river in Washington, where a fifteen-span bridge 1,750 feet long, with steel trestle approaches 1,000 feet long, is required, and where the tracks are 80 feet above low-water mark.

Through the Rockies.

Through the Box Canon in Montana, between Lombard and Butte, some very picturesque scenery is to be seen and in one particular place one mile of track has been constructed at a cost of $150,000, which is probably the most costly piece of railroad construction work for a similar distance that has ever been executed.

Forty miles west of Harlowton, at Summit station, on the line of the reconstructed Montana railroad the Belt mountains are crossed at an elevation of 5,800 feet. Between Whitehall and Butte, the Continental Divide is crossed through Pipestone Pass at an elevation of 6,350 feet, two tunnels 2,450 feet and 1,280 feet long, respectively, and three trestles from 100 to 160 feet high and from 400 to 600 feet long, being the distinctive features.

At Saltese, Montana, the ascent to the Bitter Root mountains is begun and at St. Paul Pass, the summit, which is reached at an elevation of 4,200 feet, a tunnel 8,500 feet long is necessary.

At Johnson Creek summit, twenty miles west of the crossing of the Columbia river in Washington, there will be a tunnel 3,400 feet long. For the present a surface track at an elevation of 3,010 feet will be used in crossing the Cascade mountains, but ultimately there will be a tunnel about two miles long at Snoqualmie Pass in King county, Washington, at an elevation of 2,569 feet.

When the first construction work was undertaken on this new line it was though the line would be completed to Seattle or Tacoma perhaps in 1910 or 1911. Instead of this, it is now safe to say that it will be completed in 1909. The previous transcontinental railway was constructed many years ago. It will probably be a long time before another will be started after the Pacific coast extension of this railway is completed.

FREE DEAFNESS CURE.

A remarkable offer by one of the leading ear specialists in this country, who will send two months' medicine free to prove his ability to cure Deafness, head Noises and Catarrh. Address Dr. G. M. Branaman, 1251 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

Winter Pinks.

Urged by the rains of spring—rains often cold—
Ye came and faced unfavoring winds and skies,
Unfolding slowly, unseen by our eyes.
Who sought for beauties swifter to unfold—
Beauties at sunrise new, at sunset old.
And through the summer ye brought no surprise
Of leaf and blossom all in gorgeous dyes—
Just took each day on life a firmer hold.
And autumn came in spangles all arrayed,
With panoramic views that changed each day,
Until they faded to a changeless gray.
And all the while ye did not pale or fade,
But waxed more green, more strong, more unafraid,
Feeling that he who made you, come what may,
Would crown your faith and patience in some way
More glorious because so long delayed.
And here ye shine till Old Sol blinded blinks,
For yours is springtime's newness lost with May,
And summer's brightness gone with summer's day,
And autumn's glory—and the poet thinks
That into it all other glory sinks—
All these, and more that all these things outweigh,
Are yours to make us and the old year gay
Through shortening days, gold-hearted winter pinks!

—John P. Sjolander in Galveston News.

Why It Is So.

Washington Star.

"A heap o' sadness in dis world," said Uncle Eben, "is due to folks' disposition to talk about de roses dat done faded, 'sted o' gettin' busy plantin' crops foh next season."

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will some reader of Farmstead give me a recipe for preserving or mounting birds and small animals?—W., Guys Mills, Pa.

My hens have the roup. Will somebody tell me how to treat them?—L., Cambridge Springs, Pa.

Will somebody inform me how to mount small animals, such as rabbits, wolves, etc.? Are the intestines removed? If so, how? What kind of preservative and how is it used? Are glass eyes necessary? What tools are needed?—S., Center, Ind.

Will some reader of the Farmstead tell me what ails my chickens and suggest remedy? They begin with a distressed look, stand around gaping and appearing to try to swallow. In a day or so one eye will swell, especially the lids and nictitating membrane. The ball will next swell and break. If disease attacks both eyes the fowl dies in a few days. Those that recover lose the eye afflicted. The inflammation spreads to comb, wattles and the mouth. It may originate in the mouth and spread outward, but it does not show in mouth until well developed on head. Any information will be much appreciated.—W., Plainview, Texas.

WINTER CARE OF COWS

It is of prime importance to keep young dairy stock in good flesh and in a thrifty growing condition at all times, says the St. Louis Weekly Star. At this season of the year, at the approach of trying winter weather, it is also important to get all live stock in good round flesh so that they will go into winter quarters with a strong physical constitution and be able to hold up well all through the cold weather. They should be somewhat fat, for fat produces heat, and bodily heat is necessary for the comfort and well-being of the animal in winter.

Aside from weakening effects of the prolonged heat almost all farm animals are affected by the first cold of late fall and early winter. They feel the cold more then than at any other season—just like we do. If in thin flesh and not well housed they will shiver in temperatures producing white frost, and no animal can make gains in growth or producing power when its bodily heat is so low that it will shiver from the cold. There must be enough surplus to keep it warm, especially at night, during the resting period.

Get the dairy cattle reasonably fat for the coming cold weather. Feed them liberally now and provide warm stalls for them for the season when they must be housed. A good warm, dry stall for a cow, either young or old, will often pay for itself in one winter by the amount of feed it will save. The warmer and more comfortable the stall the less heat producing feeds need be given. Such stalls are indispensable for high and constant milk yields with dairy cows, and the beef animal that is kept warm and comfortable will make as much gain in winter as in summer. This shelter comfort, too, is essential for the uninterrupted development of calves.

The fall season is a splendid time to get the animals in good flesh or fat for winter while feeds are abundant. There is nothing like new corn for fattening all dairy stock. It should be fed sparingly at first and the animals carefully and frequently salted to prevent bloating and other bad results. After they become used to it liberal feeds may be given. Feed the whole stalk of corn—ear, blades and all—since the entire corn plant just at maturity contains much valuable and easily digestible nutriment. If a number of hogs are to be fed new corn, the fodder from which the corn is husked should be fed to the cattle immediately, while its feeding value is high. Give them all they will clean up. They will grown and fatten on it, and this feeding of corn fodder in season, as long as it will do to cut till late in October, will save the clover and other hay for midwinter and spring feeding.

By gathering the earliest maturing corn as early as it will do to cirb, much valuable corn stock pasture will be available for early use before the leaves decay or fall off.

ALFALFA

Farmers' bulletin No. 339, entitled Alfalfa, has just been issued by the United States department of agriculture. This bulletin contains a brief resume of the history and spread of alfalfa, which is followed with a rather detailed discussion of the best means of securing and maintaining a stand of alfalfa. The special features under this head are the necessity for inoculation and liming, especially in the east, and the importance of midsummer or late summer seeding to avoid the weeds of summer on one hand and the danger of winter killing which attends fall-seeded plants on the other.

In discussing the utilization of alfalfa the relative value of the different forms in which it is used is given, as well as the best methods of havesting and preparing it in its different forms for use as feed. A brief account of alfalfa seed production and alfalfa varieties is given. The enemies of alfalfa are listed and the general methods used in combating them are briefly noted.

The wide distribution of alfalfa in this country necessitates different methods of procedure in securing a stand in different sections. The country is divided into seven sections and specific instructions adapted to each are given separately for each section.

This bulletin in intended primarily for people who are about to undertake the production of alfalfa or who have already made unsuccessful attempts to establish it on their farms. The widespread interest at the present time in the extension of alfalfa makes this bulletin an especially timely one.

Wherever alfalfa can be successfully established it results almost immediately in doubling the value of the land. This indicates the importance of the extension of this forage crop. The production of alfalfa during the past decade has been greatly increased in many sections of the country where it had been thought impossible to produce it. It has proved, however, where the necessary requirements are understood and provided for, that success, if possible, with this crop under a great diversity of conditions extended almost throughout the United States. Its production greatly facilitates the development of diversified farming so essential to the agricultural development of the country.

The bulletin is illustrated with a figure showing the common weed seeds found in alfalfa; also a figure showing the remarkable differences in the size of plants seeded at two-week intervals in the late summer and early fall, thus impressing on the farmer the advantage of seeding early for the best results. The method of baling as practiced in the alfalfa districts of the west is also illustrated.

This bulletin will be furnished free upon application to the United States department of agriculture or to senators or representatives and delegates in congress.

THE ORCHARD SITE

Careful attention should be paid to the selection of a site for an apple orchard, says the Indianapolis News. For the home planting the site is very often predetermined and the trees must be placed on the area left after house and lawn have been provided. Where choice is permitted, it is always important that the orchard should be somewhat elevated above the immediate surrounding country, in order that the free air drainage may be secured and late spring frosts thus avoided. Cold air is heavier than warm air; it therefore slides down the hillsides into the valleys. This condition which permits the cold air to settle away is said to provide air drainage—a factor of extreme importance to the apple orchardist. For this purpose gently sloping land is preferable to level land, though in irrigation sections it is more difficult to water. A fall of two or three feet to every hundred is very satisfactory and will aid materially in keeping the plantation free from the ravages of late spring frosts.

On the other hand, too steep slopes should be avoided for the reason that they cannot be tilled, irrigated and sprayed satisfactorily. A greater factor in facilitating air drainage is a draw or gully passing through or near the orchard. This element should be taken advantage of where conditions permit. An orchard should never be placed in low-lying basins or "pickets," for such positions are devoid of proper air drainage. Sloping land also tends to provide good water drainage, which is an essential consideration. Fruit trees are short-lived, grow slowly, crookedly and often have a twisted trunk on land which is too wet.

Northern or eastern slopes are generally regarded as best for apple orchards, owing to the fact that they are later in warming up in the spring than slopes in other directions. This condition results in retarding the blooming period of trees, which is often sufficient to avoid injury from frost in many seasons.

On the other hand, southern slopes are earlier and, therefore, permit a longer growing season. Besides trees, situated on such exposures, receive more sunshine, which results in earlier maturing fruit with higher color and sometimmes with better flavor. From these conditions it is obvious that, in sections where the growing season is short, and where the fruit is likely to be poorly colored, a southern exposure may be preferable to all others. In the higher altitudes these factors should be borne in mind as significant; any element that will prolong the season for late winter apples and induce them to take on their full degree of color should be favored.

Large bodies of fresh water, either lakes or rivers exercise an ameliorating influence upon the climate in their immediate vicinity, and orchard sites selected on slopes which extend toward the water are more immune from radical atmospheric changes. The slope on the side towards which the prevailing winds blow is preferable because the air, in passing over the water, becomes modified in temperature and its moisture content is increased. These latter conditions make such sites warmer in winter and cooler in summer; besides they tend strongly to prevent the occurrence of late spring frosts.

THE DAIRY COW VS. THE STEER

At one of the conventions of the Nebraska State Dairy association, Prof. A. L. Haecker of Nebraska experiment station made the following significant comparisons that should set some of our readers to thinking

Take the steer. Challenger, whom we are nearly all familiar with, from his winning the greatest trophy that can be gained by a steer in the national contest down at Chicago; also take the cow, Kate Gerben, which has just broken a record. Challenger gained last year 700 pounds live weight, he dressed 60-some per cent, and that would mean that he produced some 500 pounds of meat.

We are told by Gilbert and Lawes, who are probably the greatest investigators on this subject, that beef runs from 54 to 60 per cent water just as you find it in the live carcass; then we have the miners' substance, the bone, cutting out this 55 per cent of water and this bone in this 400 pounds of meat and you have less than 200 pounds of what we call meat, minus water and bone, that he produced in one year.

Katie Gerben produced 18,500 pounds of milk, or over 620 pounds of butter fat in one year, also 700 pounds of milk sugar, about 400 pounds of casein, 150 pounds of albumen and 150 pounds of ashes. That would give us 2,000 pounds of food nutrients. Then this cow, Katie Gerben, has produced in one year over 2,000 pounds of food nutrients, while the steer, Challenger, has produced 200 pounds of food nutrients. In other words this cow has produced ten times more food nutrients than the steer.

Now here is where you have it A good dairy cow is one of the most economical animals in one farm, while the steer is the most extravagant.

There is another thought. They had to kill the steer in order to get this from him, but we have the cow left to go on and, better than that, we have her progeny which we hope will take after her.

POULTRY FEEDS

There is nothing so beneficial as a variety of feeds. Usually the poultryman who is doing the most wondering during the winter months why the hens are not laying more eggs is the poultryman who tries to make the birds go through the entire year on no other grain but corn. The bird can be made a profitable egg laying machine on a ration of corn and water than the owner could live and keep health on corn meal and water.

In selling the surplus grain raised on the farm last summer leave a little oats and wheat and every so much barley to afford a variety of grain during the fall and winter months. It will not be any loss to reserve these gr

FREE

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Catarrh is not only dangerous, but it causes bad breath, ulceration, death and decay of bones, loss of thinking and reasoning power, kills ambition and energy, often causes loss of appetite, indigestion, dyspepsia, raw throat and consumption. It needs attention at once. Cure it with Gauss' Catarrh Cure. It is a quick, radical, permanent cure, because it rids the system of the poisonous germs that cause Catarrh.

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In order to prove to all who are suffering from this dangerous and loathsome disease that Gauss' Catarrh Cure will actually cure any case of catarrh quickly, no matter how long standing or how bad, I will send a trial package by mail free of all cost. Send me your name and address today and the trial treatment will be sent you by return mail. Try it! It will positively cure so that you will be welcomed instead of shunned by your friends. C. E. GAUSS, Marshall, Mich. Fill out coupon below.

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This coupon is good for one trial package of Gauss' Combined Catarrh Cure, mailed free by mail in package. Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to

C. E. GAUSS, 4528 Main Street, Marshall Mich.

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FERRO-CONCRETE FOR SHIPBUILDING

Maine Review.

An article in the engineering supplement of the London Times describes the use of ferro-concrete for ship building purposes. It describes several boats built for the Italian navy of this material, the thickness of the skin being little more than an inch, for barges of several hundred tons burden. The metallic framework, or skeleton, of reinforcing iron is arranged in accordance with the actual distribution of stresses, and this frame is covered with expanded metal, which supplements the protecting action by the distribution of the armoring over a large area, while it unites the various portions of the mass in such an effective manner as to preclude any risk of fracture. This method dispenses with the provision of moulds and renders it permissable to employ extremely thin walls to serve as the outer skin. Owing to the metallic reinforcement, the concrete mass, instead of being fractured by sudden shocks, undergoes an elastic deformation, but immediately resumes its previous shape when the strain is removed.

The first ferro-concrete boat to be constructed on this system was built in 1897 and was about 18 feet long by 5 feet wide. The thickness of the sides was only about ¾ inch. The canal barge to be built on this system was constructed in 1902 for a burden of 50 tons, and has since been in continuous use in connection with engineering work on the river Tiber. The Italian navy ordered the first boats in 1906. These have a burden of about 100 tons each, and have double skin and watertight compartments. The first cost of these ferro-concrete boats is less than that of iron vessels of equal tonnage, and the expense for upkeep is practically nil.

FOR THE WOODEN WEDDING

Some suggestions for an original wooden wedding entertainment are given in Harper's Bazar. The rooms may be decorated with daffadils and shavings, long, curly shavings, which make a pretty background for the flowers. Candles are most appropriate for lighting, and should be stuck in wooden candlesticks.

Serve the refreshments in wooden bowls and upon wooden plates, and have paper napkins. Simple refreshments are best for such an occasion; say chicken patties, cream sandwiches, endive salad, ices and little cakes, coffee and punch.

The invitations must be written on little pieces of wood or on birch bark. Envelopes come in paper made to imitate birch bark, and the invitations may be inclosed in these.

For amusements, let the men dress clothespin dolls, and the women can make little pieces of doll furniture or have a supply of moist kindergarten clay, and let the guests make statuettes, using wooden paddles and toothpicks for tools. If there is a clog dancer to be found, why not add to the fun to have him give a dance in wooden shoes.

Curious Undertakers' Signs.

Philadelphia Record.

There are three undertakers' signs in different parts of the city which have called forth both humorous comment and serious protest. The first is of doubtful significance, the second brings a natural fear of death to the reader, while the last speaks of the ceremony attendant at burial. At the light of a formal farce. The first sign is to be seen in the northern part of the city and reads: "A Step in the right Direction." One is at a loss to know whether this refers to death or the course of the surviving relatives. The second sign advertises complete funerals at reasonable rates, and concludes: "We have done it for others and can do it for you." The last sign advertises: "A hall, a minister of any denomination and every requisite for a modern and up-to-date burial.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

CHICAGO DRAINAGE CANAL

Please give the location of the canal that connects Lake Michigan and the Illinois river.—C. M. S., Alexis, N. C.

The Chicago drainage canal is intended chiefly for carrying off the sewage of Chicago, but it may be used for commercial purposes. It was begun in September, 1892, and was completed in January, 1900. The main channel is 29 miles long, extending from Chicago to Lockhart on the Illinois river.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Will the Question Bureau please give a sketch of Edgar Allan Poe?—W. S. N., Equality, Ill.

Edgar Allan Poe was born at Boston, Mass., January 19, 1809. His mother was an actress of note and his father also earned his living on the stage. The theatre in which his parents were playing burned and Mr. and Mrs. Poe narrowly escaped with their lives, only to die very soon. In 1811, the year of his mother's death, Poe was adopted by Mr. John Allan, a wealthy Virginian. Poe was known throughout his boyhood as Edgar Allan. It was believed that he would inherit a considerable fortune from Mr. Allan. Poe displayed unusual precocity at a very early age. Before he could read well he could declaim with good expression. His disposition was kindly and his manner refined.

In 1816 he was sent to England to attend school. He was a good scholar, but a liberal allowance of pocket money often got him into mischief. Five years later he returned to the United States and the following year went to school in Richmond, Virginia. He ranked high in athletics and scholarship. In 1826 Poe entered the University of Virginia, but left in the same year. Tamerlane and other Poems was published the following year. After a visit to Europe he entered West Point in 1830. The discipline there was too much for him and after an ineffectual appeal to Mr. Allan to withdraw him, he broke one of the rules and was dismissed. He began writing poems in order to make a living, receiving cash prizes for several of these. His work was so good that he got a position as editor of the Southern Literary Messenger in 1835. The following year he married his cousin, Virginia Clemm. Resigning his position, he went to New York to live, where he published in 1838 Arthur Gordon Pym. Then Poe moved to Philadelphia where he accepted a position as editor of the Gentleman's Magazine. The Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque and the Conchologist's First Book were published in 1840. He accepted many positions on the different magazines throughout the country, but failed to hold any of them a very long time. Some of his stories and poems that were published are The Gold Bug, in 1843, the Tales, and the Raven, in 1845.

Poe moved to Fordham, where his wife died in 1847. The cottage in which he lived was old and very poorly furnished. Mourning the loss of his wife, he failed to earn a living. He published Eureka in 1848. During this year he gave several lectures. The following year he left for the south, where he died in poverty. His death was earlier than most of the literary men of his time.

GREAT BRITAIN

Please tell something about the position, climate, and size of the British Isles.—E. L., Tellico Plains, Tenn.

The British Isles are located just off the west shore of Europe from which it is separated by the English channel, the straits of Dover and the North Sea. The area of Great Britain is 120,079 square miles. The British Isles are nearly in the center of the temperate zone. They have four different seasons like all countries so situated. All kinds of temperature are common to the islands. The warm surface waters of the Atlantic drifting from the southwest assist the warm winds, which blow from the same quarter a large part of the year, in moderating the climate of the islands. Frosts of severe occurrence in the east blow and never of long duration at other times of the year. When the wind from the north blows, after it has passed over immense fields of ice, the temperature becomes colder and frosts are occasionally severe. The east wind which acquires a low degree of temperature from passing over the continent has the same effect. These are the only disadvantages under which the British climate labors.

THE ESKIMOS

Will you tell all you can about the Eskimos? Have they any religious belief? Are they organized?—G. M., Sheridan, Mich.

The Eskimos are inhabitants of the Arctic regions. They were formerly classed among the people of Mongolian stock, but now they are considered related to the American Indians. They are almost as tall as the average Indian. They have small hands and feet, oval faces, but rather broad in the lower part, their skin is only slightly brown, and they have coarse black hair and very little beard. The Eskimos are divided into tribes, each with their separate territories. The tribe again is divided into groups constituting the inhabitants of the different watering places. Finally in the same station, the inhabitants of the same house are closely united with regard to common housekeeping. The inhabitants of Danish West Greenland, the greater part of the Labradorians, and the southern Alaska Eskimos are Christians. The religion of the rest is called Shamanism. The Eskimos were formerly thought to have come from Asia, but now it is believed by some that they came from the interior of America and followed the river courses to the Arctic sea where they now live.

MARRIAGE LAWS

Please give the names of the states where a minor can marry without the consent of his parents.—J. F., West Union, W. Va.

A male can marry without the consent of his parents when he is 18 years of age, in California, Delaware, Idaho and North Dakota; when he is 16, in Tennessee.

YELLOWSTONE PARK

Will you give some information on Yellowstone park?—E. B., Swanton, O.

The Yellowstone Park is a national reserve, intended as a general pleasure ground and game preserve, chiefly in the northwest part of Wyoming, with narrow adjacent strips in Montana and Idaho. It covers a surface, as the park proper, about 62 miles in length from north to south and 54 miles in width, with an area of 3,500 square miles. To this region, as originally circumscribed, a forest preserve of some 2,000 square miles has been added on the east and on the south, giving a full area to the park of something over 5,500 square miles. The Yellowstone Park, in the manifold type of scenery it presents, and in its exposition of rare geological and physical phenomena, stands alone among the curiosities of nature. It contains profound canons and lofty waterfalls, vast sheets of superimposed lava, lofty volcanic cones (all extinct), thousands of hot springs, and a hundred or more active geysers. Its general surface is a broken lava plateau, elevated about 8,000 feet above sea-level and surrounded by mountain ridges and buttresses. Among the more prominent mountain summits (nearly all of volcanic origin) are Electric Peak in the northwest (11,155 feet), Mount Washburn in the north (10,345 feet), Cathedral Peak (10,700 feet), Mount Schurz (10,900 feet), Mount Langford (10,780 feet), Mount Doane, 10,715 feet), and Mount Stevenson (10,420 feet), in the east and east-center; Mount Sheridan (10,325 feet), in the south, and Mount Holmes (10,528 feet), in the Gallatin range of the northwest. A portion of the "continental divide" lies on the southwest part. The region is drained by the Yellowstone river, which enters from the southeast, traverses the Yellowstone lake, and passes out from the park in the central portion of the northern boundary, after a turbulent course through deep and wildly romantic canons. Among the more notable locations and objects in the preserve are the Falls of the Yellowstone, the Mammoth Hot Springs in the north, with their striking terraces and basins of exquisitely colored deposits and waters, covering an area of nearly 200 acres. In these basins is the finest exhibition of geyser phenomena to be found on the globe. Among the individual geysers may be mentioned Old Faithful with a jet from 125 to 150 feet in height. Much of the larger part of the park is densely forested, and in its recesses numerous forms of game abound—elk, deer, bear, buffalo, cougar, etc.

SANTA CLAUS

Please tell something of the origin of Santa Claus.—R. W. P., Monroe City, Ind.

Saint Nicholas, of Myra, is the original of Santa Claus. He was born toward the end of the third century and died December 6, 342. He was bishop of Myra. He is venerated as a saint and miracle worker, the patron of little children, unmarried maidens and sailors. The anniversary of his death is still kept with special ceremonies in Germany, Switzerland and the Low Countries.

WILLIAM ALLEN

Will you please give a sketch of William Allen?—J. D. S., Lanesboro, Pa.

William Allen was born at Edenton, North Carolina, in 1806, and died July 11, 1879. He studied law at Chillicothe, O., was admitted to the bar when 21 years of age, and in three years had become noted as a coming leader. In 1832 he entered congress as a Democrat, being elected by one vote. He was the youngest member of the Twenty-second congress. Allen was a leader of his party, and took an active part in Van Buren's campaign in 1836. The Democrats elected him senator at the earliest age of any senator before or since. In 1843 he was re-elected, and in 1848 he was tendered the nomination for the presidency by the supporters of Cass and Van Buren. He refused from his loyalty to Cass. After the expiration of his term Allen took no further part in public life until 1873, when he was elected governor of Ohio. In 1875 he again ran for governor, but was defeated by Rutherford B. Hayes. He received his congressional nickname of the "Ohio gong" from his stentorian voice.

The other sketches which our inquirer desires cannot be given.

CERRO DE PASCO

Please give a description of the highest city above sea level in the world. I have heard that Pasco, Peru, was the highest.—B. M., Panther, W. Va.

As far as the bureau knows, Cerro de Pasco, or Pasco, Peru, is the highest elevated city in the world. This city is 14,275 feet above the level of the sea. In 1630 an Indian discovered silver in the vicinity and a town soon came into existence. The streets are narrow and crooked and the houses are without balconies or windows. The inhabitants are a mixture of all nations and races. They make their living by the produce of the mines. Hail storms, mists and snowfalls are frequent from October to July, and during the short summers the climate is but little better. The most productive mines in Peru are still in Cerro de Pasco, but they no longer produce the fabulous wealth which the Spaniards are said to have derived from them. Many of the shafts leading down to the veins of silver are in the town itself, and have their openings either in little huts or to the dwellings of the owners of the mines. The population of the town is very variable, about 7,000.

ENTAIL

Please tell all you can about entail.—J. L. L., Tuttletown, Cal.

Entail is the settlement of an estate so that it shall pass according to a certain rule of descent. In England, after the Norman conquest, estates were frequently granted to a man and the heirs of his body, but in time the law courts interpreted such grants as conferring a fee simple conditional, so that when the condition, namely the begetting of an heir, was fulfilled, the estate became a fee simple absolute and could be alienated by the grantee. A statute passed in 1285 declared that this interpretation was contrary to the intention of the grantors, and enacted that in all future grants of this nature the grantee should have no power to alienate the estate, and that on the failure of issue the land should revert to the grantor. The effect of this statute was to prevent the free conveyance of land, but gradually the lawyers created a series of proceedings known as fines and recoveries, by means of which a tenant in possession could bar the entail and convert his estate-tail into a fee simple, that is into his absolute property. These remedies created by the courts were abolished by the fines and recoveries act, passed in 1833, and a direct means of barring entails was introduced. This statute enacts that every actual tenant-in-tail shall have full power to dispose of, for an estate in fee simple absolute, or for any less estate, the lands entailed, but a tenant-in-tail in remainder, expectant on an estate in freehold, cannot bar the entail, though he may bar his own issue, without the consent of the "protector of the settlement," who is usually the tenant for life.

THE SNOWBIRD

Will you please give what information you can about the snowbird?—J. T., Cuba, N. Y.

The snowbird is related to the North American finch. Their plumage is not streaked and the two marginal feathers of the tail are white. They are northern birds, some breeding south of the great lakes only on the tops of mountains, and other species living in Canada and the mountain regions of western United States. These build their nests on the ground. They appear in the middle districts about the time of the first snowfall and remain throughout the winter. The species of the snowbird living in the United States east of the Missouri, is 6¼ inches long, grayish or dark ashy black all over the head, neck, and upper parts, with the breast, belly, and under tail coverts, and the first and second external tail feathers white. The Oregon snowbird and other western species exhibit a greater or less amount of chestnut tints in the plumage. They utter sharp chirping notes in winter, but sing prettily during the breeding season.

THE BASTILE

Will you please give a history of the Bastile in France?—A. G. S., Hesper, Ia.

Long centuries ago there existed in Paris three structures called bastiles; all were stationed on the north side of the Seine. They were named "St. Dennis," "The Temple," and "St. Antoine." In the lapse of time the term "bastile" came to be applied only to the latter. The original plan and construction of this building has been traced, beyond a doubt, to Stephen Mercel, a provost of the merchants of Paris.

In 1356, after the battle of Poitiers, detachments of English soldiers were busy ravaging the suburbs of that place, filling the citizens with dismay. This man then undertook to repair the weakened defenses of the city. To these he also added other bulwarks, among which was a gateway fortified with a tower on each side, which led from the suburb of San Antoine into the city of that name in Paris. These towers were the beginning of the bastile. Constructed in haste, they were naturally possessed of no great strength. In 1362 Charles V. determined to remedy this fault, doing his work through Hugh Abriot, another provost of Paris. By him two other towers were built parallel with the first, the four forming a square, with a tower at each angle. Thirteen years later two more towers were added to each end of the work; thus the fortification now presented a front embracing four towers to both the city and the suburb of St. Antoine. Up to this time the road lay between the towers. It was now turned to one side. Somewhere near the middle of the 17th century a curving bastion was added to the St. Antoine face, and a ditch 40 yards wide, 12 feet deep, and faced with heavy masonry, was made to encircle the whole. The height of the exterior walls was 60 feet above the bottom of the moat. On the top of it extended a gallery constructed of wood and called "the rounds." Along this passage sentinels paced now day and night. Every fifteen minutes, in times of anxiety or peril, they were visited by some one of the officers or secretaries to insure vigilance. A bell was also rung in one of the towers during the night every quarter of an hour. Between the streets of St. Anthony and the fortress were five massive gates, at each of which sentinels were posted. The towers, all of which, I believe were 100 feet high, were seven feet thick at the top. Below the surface of the ground were built dungeons, which were vaulted, paved and faced with stone, ever dripping with moisture, and were lighted only by narrow slits in the wall on the side next the moat. In these dungeons, where the air was sickeningly fetid, there swarmed for many long years armies of newts, toads, rats and every variety of vermin. Planks, laid across iron bars fastened in the wall, with the addition of straw for a mattress, constituted the bed of the unfortunate prisoners, who were introduced into wretched cells. The entrance to them was by doors seven inches in thickness and secured by strong bars and locks. Above these dungeons, in the towns themselves, were apartments slightly more comfortable, but from which escape was about hopeless.

"From the reign of Louis XIII. the bastile became known as a place of safe confinement for prisoners of state." The length of their incarceration depended upon the will, caprice or vengeance of the sovereign. In many an instance death's was the kindly hand to release them from the agonies and horrors of the place.

Such names as those of Marshal Richelieu, Voltaire, the Duc de Nemours, de Benneville, and scores of others quite as distinguished, are inscribed on the registers of the dreaded abode. The famous Massers de Latude, after years of unutterable suffering endured within it, is said to have been the indirect instrument of its overthrow. Incited by the tales of cruelty and inhumanity which repeatedly reached their ears, the citizens of Paris rose up in their fury, fought their way to its heart, and wrenched off the massive gates, released the prisoners, and left not a stone upon another. Lovers of liberty in all lands hailed its downfall with delight. And not long after the people of Paris held a grand fete on the spot. Its capture occurring on the 14th of July, 1789, that date afterward came to be regarded as the birthhour of French liberty, and, as has already been mentioned, for six years past, the people have observed the 14th of July as a national holiday. The site is known as the "Place de la Bastille." After 1830 it was selected as the burial place of the champions of the revolution of that period, and the "Column de Juliet" was erected over their remains.

MISCELLANEOUS

F. D. W., Los Angeles, Cal.: Write to the general land commissioner at Washington, D. C.

H. T., Mt. Vernon, Ind.: Your question would take too much space to answer.

R. H., Springvale, Me.: Your question is a technical one which we cannot answer.

M. B. G., Fort Wayne, Ind.: Shelley, Lewis, Croly, and Mrs. Norton of England, Schubert and Schlegel in Germany, and Sue in France, have written something about the legend of the wandering Jew.

H. W. L., Winona, Minn.: We cannot answer your question.

A. R., Agenda, Kan.: The President is not compelled to appoint a person eligible to the presidency as a member of the cabinet.

R. M. M., Wichita Falls, Tex.: Mr. Jerome is a district attorney of New York.

J. G., Swanton, O.: The caliber of a rifle or revolver is the internal diameter of the barrel. The caliber of small arms is generally expressed in decimals of an inch or millimeters.

L. E. M., Segundo, Colo.: Alaska is an organized territory. The Philippines and Porto Rico are not.

The Good Old Jumping Jack.

The toys are so new-fangled, with their little cranks and springs—
They make a fellow wonder how a body can run the things;
You mustn't twist 'em that way an' you mustn't jar or shake
For fear you'll join their innards, or a drivin' wheel will break—

But the Jumpin' Jack! He will wriggle his knees
An' he'll hump his back just as gay as you please;
An' he don't wind up, an' he don't run down
An' his pants is red an' his coat is brown;
He climbs the stick with a whack-ty-whack!—
Hoorah for the brave old Jumpin' Jack!

He isn't quite so stylish, an' he only costs a dime,
But he is lithe an' limber, an' keeps busy all the time
A-bobbin' an' a noddin' with a caper an' a hop—
A-bowin' you a thank-ye when you jump him to the top.

Ho, the Jumpin Jack! He will jiggle an' prance
An' he'll bend his back like he's doin' a dance
With his arms 'way up an' his legs 'way down,
An' his painted grin like a circus clown.
He slams around with a whack-ty-whack—
Hoorah for the fine old Jumpin' Jack!

I reckon I'm old-fashioned when it comes to Christmas toys,
But was there any finer thing when you an' me was boys?
Remember him a-grinnin' from your stockin' that a-way,
All ready to go jumpin' up an' down all Christmas Day!

Ho, the Jumpin' Jack! He would wobble his knees
An' he'd hump his back with astonishin' ease;
He would jump 'way up, an' would sit 'way down
An' he tickled us when he came to town.
He was best of all in old Santa's pack—
Hoorah for the good old Jumpin' Jack!
—Chicago Evening Post.

UNLUCKY WORDS.

Leslie's Weekly.

Mr. Taft's references to General Grant's early life, in his address at Grant's Tomb on Decoration day, were not meant unkindly and were coupled with the highest praise of the great war chieftain. But they have found a place among those words which, in Punch's phrase, would better have been left unsaid. Men who are fluent with tongue or pen often fall into infelicities of speech, and in presidential candidates these are embarrassing and sometimes disastrous. It was the pen instead of the tongue that brought calamity to Van Buren and Clay in 1844. Their expressions on Texas annexation, then the burning issue, wrecked the ambition of both of them—Van Buren's in the convention and Clay's at the polls. In justice to Van Buren, however, who was a discreet man, it must be said that his letter was extorted from him by some of his adroit enemies, under Calhoun's inspiration, so as to put him in the attitude of opposing annexation. This turned the South against him and defeated him for the nomination, although he had more than a majority of the delegates on the first ballot. Clay's blunder, which took the shape of concessions to slavery on the Texas issue, was largely gratuitous, but it turned enough anti-slavery Whigs against him in the decisive state of New York to give that state and the presidency to Polk.

Grand Duke Alexis.

Buffalo Courier.

At Paris, yesterday, the Grand Duke Alexis, an uncle of the present ruler of Russia, died of pneumonia. He had resided at the French capital for some time presumably on account of his unpopularity at home, where Russia's recent misfortunes in war were in a measure attributed to his mismanagement and incompetence as chief director of the navy for many years. The announcement of the demise of Alexis will particularly interest those of our older people who recall his visit to the United States in 1872. Recollection of the friendly service performed by Russia for this nation at a critical stage of the civil war was then fresh in the minds of grateful Americans and the grand duke was received with the utmost great cordiality and lavishly entertained. The circumstances of his brief sojourn in Buffalo for an example, vividly illustrate how times have changed, how free was the country in that period from anarchistic fears or disorders. With no police or military escort, Alexis and his small suite of naval officers of high rank drove about the city freely and at the water front stood among the workingmen to witness the operation of a grain elevator. No son of a czar of Russia would in these days thus go about unprotected, nor would even our own president. The grand duke was then 22 years old, of fine commanding build and presence of the earlier Romanoffs, with yellow hair and large yellow beard.

Famine in Southern Apulia.

Milan correspondence London Chronicle.

A wail of anguish comes from the vast southern province of Apulia, where the population is dying of the dreadful drought. No heavy rains have fallen for the last eighteen months, the wells are empty and the olive groves and vineyards present a spectacle of wintery vegetation. The wheat crops have failed.

The Tavoliere district is reduced to a squalid desert, while in that of Bari fresh water costs more than wine. Over those vast tracts of unwatered country no artificial supply exists. That gigantic undertaking, the Apulian aqueduct, so much talked of and written about during the last twenty years, is still far from finished, nor in the most optimistic estimate will it be available for at least another eight years.

The cities of Andria, Barletta, Trani and Bitonto are literally famished. They have sent clamorous demands to the government for immediate free transport of water by railways and warships. The Italian Steamship Navigation company has taken the generous initiative of dispatching vessels laden with sweet water from Venice, Ancona and Sicilian ports to various points on the Apulian coast.

RAILROADS' GREAT WORK IN TIMBER CONSERVATION

For the purpose of prolonging as long as possible the life of cross-ties and thereby minimizing the consumption of timber, the Pennsylvania railroad has determined in future to treat with creosote ties which shall be used on its main tracks. Up to very recently, the abundance of available timber in the eastern section of the country had rendered unnecessary such a policy, but the increasing scarcity of available timber in recent years has caused the company to make a most thorough inquiry into the question of what policy should be pursued in order to secure an economical supply of cross-ties in the future.

To this end the company, some two years ago, undertook tree-planting upon a large scale. Since that time it has set out some 2,425,000 trees and has handled this year some 625,000. Extensive planting of trees and shrubbery for ties, lumber and ornamental purposes is being made on land owned by the company in various parts of the states of Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

In order to provide still more completely against the future, a contract has just been placed for the construction of a tie-treating plant at Mt. Union, Pa., and, in addition, for two large creosote storage tanks to be located at Greenwich Point, Philadelphia, Pa. The Mt. Union plant will be the first creosoting operation undertaken on a large scale by an eastern railroad. This plant will be equipped with a cylinder 130 feet long and a little more than six feet wide. There will also be the necessary pumps, boilers, compressors and storage tanks. By reason of the fact that ties require from six to nine months' seasoning in the open air before being treated, a storage yard of a capacity of one-half million ties will be provided adjoining the creosoting plant. The plant will be equipped to treat between 1,500 and 2,000 ties daily, or some 500,000 a year.

In addition to the regular treating plant, there will also be installed at Mt. Union a small cylinder for the purpose of making experiments in treating the various kinds of wood available in central Pennsylvania.

It is estimated that proper treatment will increase the life of crossties from two to three-fold. Applied to all of the 100,000,000 ties which American railroads use annually, it would greatly reduce the drain on the rapidly decreasing timber resources. The Pennsylvania railroad alone uses 3,500,000 to 4,000,000 ties each year for renewals and new work. The average life of these red oak and chesnut ties under present conditions is from three to four years, while white oak lasts from seven to eight years. It is estimated that tie-treating will increase the life of these ties to at least twenty years. The Pennsylvania railroad's enormous requirements for ties and lumber strips the timber from some 50,000 acres annually. It is estimated that by properly treating with preservatives even a part of this timber, its life will be so increased that perhaps 25,000 acres will supply the company's requirements.

Rough Traveling in Macedonia

Special Correspondence of New York Post.

Priboy (on the Turko-Bosnia frontier), Nov. 5.—As that living (and slightly inebriated) arsenal of mediaeval weapons, my Albanian guide, had been telling me for the last hour, at least, that it was three hours (tri sat) to Tsenitza, despite the fact that we had been moving all the time, I began to feel uneasy, for night was closing in.

Now the Sanjax of Novi Bazaar is marvelous by day, with the Montenegrin mountains on the left, the frontier blockhouses of Servia cresting the hills on the right, and, between these two boundaries, the broken hills of the Sanjak, sometimes masses of bare rock as marvelously colored as the naked hills around Athens, sometimes covered with forests of oak, in which, thanks to the goats and sheep, there isn't a tree more than five feet high, and whose russet leaves adorn the hillsides like a sheet of gold. Here and there are scarlet patches of beech and silvery-stemmed birches. The hawthorn hedges along the roads are in a fashion of millions of the largest and ripest of sloes and sometimes overrun by the wild columbine with its white fluffy flower. The delicious sea-green color of the rushing brooks, the brightness of the sun, the keenness of the air gallope one gets occasionally on stretches of fairly even ground, make one feel that it is good to be alive.

The Sanjak, I say, is marvelous by day but to lose one's way in it by night is far from agreeable. One need not know much of the past dark history of the district in order to grasp this fact. One has only got to notice how people travel in groups, and with rifles slung across their backs, and knives and revolvers in their belts. The only unarmed persons I met during the day's journey were a veiled shepherd boy at daybreak, and in the afternoon a Moslem girl sitting, heavily veiled, on horseback. The lad who sat on the horse behind her was also unarmed, but the servant who led her horse had a knife and a revolver.

A Han at Night.

I have already noted the fact that my servant was slightly inebriated. In the han where I took my mid-day meal I had discovered him drinking slivovitzza (plum brandy), but when I had asked him reproachfully, how he, a Mohammedan, could do such a thing, he laughed, and said that the Albanian Mohammedans were far above these foolish superstitions about drink. The night was getting darker, my Albanian was getting more unruly, and I was getting more and more uneasy. At last we stumbled against a long, low building which was, my guide told me, a han or inn. A bright thought struck me. I would enter this han, find out where I was exactly, and—most important of all—give some coffee to the guide.

Now this han, like most of the other hans in the Sanjak, was simply a big shed for cattle, with a small room for human beings added as an afterthought. Elbowing my way with difficulty through the long-horned oxen, I entered the dimly-lighted living room and, seeing a number of men sitting on the divan, I greeted them with the Serb greeting of "Pomozke Bog!" (May God be your help) receiving, as I always did, on similar occasions in Servia, Bosnia, Herzegvina, and Montenegro, the fervent response "Bog Pomoc!" (May God aid you!) a response which proved that these people were Orthodox Serbs, and members of that extraordinary race whose language stretches without a break, and almost without a variation, from the Adriatic to the Sea of Japan, from the frozen ocean to the frontiers of India, that race whose conquest by the Germans has already begun.

The Peasants.

The young man who poured out coffee for us was, like most of the young mountaineers of the Sanjak, extraordinarily handsome and well-formed, a veritable young Greek god in the Hamlet-like costume of a Serb peasant. One does not often have an opportunity of seeing the faces of the women in this Mohammedan country, but I could not help thinking, as I sipped my coffee, of the number of beautiful Serb maidens the Turks must have secured for their harems during the four hundred years they have ruled the Servians. No wonder, with the women of such races as this at their disposal, that the Turks have almost lost all the physical characteristics of the Mongol, and become themselves one of the handsomest peoples in Europe.

We leave the inn and plunge again into the night followed by cries of "S'Bogom! S'Bogom!" (With God! With God!) from the Serbs on the divan, from the coffee-boy, and from the master of the caravanserai.

After I have mounted I turn to my Albanian and ask, "Kolliko sat do Tsenitza?" In a thick voice comes the answer, 'Tri Sat."

Deadly Work of Dragon Alcohol.

A convincing arraignment of the drink habit is contained in Zion's Watch Tower and Herald. It is a part of the discussion of the text "I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection." Among other things the writer says:

"We visit a hospital in company with Dr. Wilcox and inquire of him her the dragon alcohol, as some say, will make you strong and healthy. Suppose we go out to the Erie County hospital and ask Dr. Gilray, the superintendent, how many sick he had in the rospital last year, and he tells us two thousand. Well, what made them sick? Oh, a lot of causes. But did the dragon alcohol bite any of them? Oh, yes, about one-half of them were made sick because of the dragon's bite. Yes, I guess more than that if you count those whose parents were bitten by the dragon, and who fell ill because their parents were not strong.

"Again, the dragon's friends will tell you that his bite will give you a clear brain, and make you a jolly good fellow. All right, we all want clear brains in this world, so let us go to some place where they make a study of brains. The man who knows t...s most about brains in the vicinity is Dr. Hurd, at State hospital on Forest avenue. Suppose we say to him, 'Doctor, how many people in your hospital this morning?' He replies, 'Seventeen hundred.' What made them insane? Oh, a lot of reasons, but there are any of them insane because they have taken poison into their systems?' 'Yes, lots of them.' 'How many of them?' 'Well, perhaps half of them have either been poisoned themselves or born of parents poisoned.' 'Was that kind of poison?' 'Oh, alcohol generally.' 'Oh, then they have been bitten by the dragon alcohol?' 'Yes.' 'Well, doctor, do you think any of them were made insane because they ate too much ice cream?' 'Oh, no, never heard of such trouble.' 'Too much meat, too much milk? will any kind of healthful food make one crazy?' 'Oh, no!' 'Well, then, doctor, if alcohol is a food, as some chemists claim it is, and if it is the only kind of food which ever male people crave, would you advise our taking it and giving it to our friends?' 'Well, no; I wouldn't.'

"But we want a little more light on this subject of clear brains, so we take a journey down the Lackawanna railroad to the Craig colony, where the epileptics are cared for, and we ask Dr. Spratling, 'How many of the patients are epileptics because of alcohol?' And he answers, 'About forty per cent.' Now suppose we go to Massachusetts prison for the criminally insane, and ask the same question; then listen to the awful answer, 'Ninety-three per cent from alcohol.' Well, if that is the way it makes people have clear brains, I guess we had better eat ice cream, cake, bread and butter, etc., and let the dragon alone. You seem to make epileptics, idiots, or lunatics."

The doctor's office is not far away. It is a good place for making inquiries, for the desire of good doctors is to prevent people from injuring their health, as well as to cure their diseases when they have them. Let us listen to a little company of them as they express their opinions.

Victor Horsley, M.D., F.R.S., Professor of Clinical Chirurgy, University College, London, speaks: "The bad effect of alcohol on persons performing muscular work is well known. The evidence is overwhelming that alcohol in small amounts has a most harmful effect on voluntary muscular work."

Dr. T. D. Crothers, superintendent of Walnut Lodge hospital, Hartford, Conn., declared that alcohol is more dangerous than the diseases it is given to correct. "Both alcoholism and tuberculosis, one the 'great white plague' and the other the 'great black one,' are a menace to civilization."

Adolf Fick, M.D., Professor of Physiology, University of Wurzburg, states that "Every dose of alcohol, even the most moderate, diminishes strength. All that man asserts of the strengthening effects of alcohol is a delusion. The well-known poor man's glass during working hours is beyond question injurious. Every penny which the workman spends for alcoholic drinks is not only wasted but employed for a destructive purpose."

August Forel, M.D., Professor of Psychiatry, University of Zurich, says: "Life is considerably shortened by the use of alcohol in large quantities. But a moderate consumption of the same also shortens life by an average of five or six years."

The Business View of Alcohol.

From the doctor's office we go to the insurance offices, where a most careful and scientific investigation has been made. The editor of the Trumpet Call introduces us, as they tell how alcohol takes away health and life.

Aetna Life: "Drink diseases the system and shortens life."

Dominion Life: "Weakens constitution to resist disease."

Equitable Mutual Life: "Drink impairs vitality; less likely to throw off disease."

Hartford Life: "Moderate use lays foundation for disease."

Knights Templar and Masonic Mutual Aid: "Total abstainer the better risk."

Massachusetts Mutual Life: "Drink reduces expectation of life nearly two-thirds."

Pacific Mutual Life: "Predisposes to disease."

Royal Templars of Temperance: "Death rate much lower among abstainers."

Equitable shipping clerk: "As per on this day's excursion, we will go into a court house and listen to the judge. Rev. J. F. Hill of Pittsburg, secretary of the Permanent Committee on Temperance of the Presbyterian church, will introduce us. We enter the court house. The story he is telling at a banquet with the city council and the jurymen in a noted case that had just closed.

"No, I thank you, I never indulge," said the judge, as his companions passed the sparkling wine to him.

His companions rallied him on his change to total abstinence. "Isn't it sudden?" "Wife object?" "Nothing short of the tragic could have made a prohib. out of you."

"Oh, come, tell us what brought you into the teetotaler army!"

Reluctantly the judge told his experience.

"Five years ago—it was five years ago this very day—strange." A pause.

"I was trying under the Rushworth case being tried in Sawyer county? It was the longest trial known in the state, and everybody was getting tired of the complications. I was on the bench, and on the day in question had taken something to encourage me, and had also given the jurymen enough to put them in the best of humor. The verdict was 'guilty.' After passing the sentence I asked the young criminal if he had anything to say. He was only twnety years of age. I was sorry for him, but duty is duty, and I felt at that time that I had done mine honorably and justly. The court was packed, and as the boy arose, a hush prevailed. His mother, father, and two sisters sat in the gallery near the door. His fine eyes lit up as he caught his mother's look of love, and then he said, in a voice I have never been able to forget: 'I am guilty of the charge. I deserve punishment. I do not wish to place the responsibility of my crime on any shoulders but my own. I am everything the judge says I am—a gambler, a forger, and a heavy drinker, and, as the last witness said, not fit to be in the presence of honest men and women. I am glad the judge has granted me the privilege of speaking. I see some of my old chums here, and what I say may do them a little good—may keep them from stumbling over the rocks that ruined me.'

He looked aroung until his eyes rested on the seats at the right of the entrance.

"Dr. Pickets, I took my first lesson in gambling from you! You said there was no harm if I did not 'go in too heavy.' I went 'too heavy,' it seems. The boy laughed nervously, and the doctor flushed crimson and loosened his cravat.

"I took my first lesson in forging from you, Mr. Wyatt. The juror at my right hand jumped from his chair as if shot from a cannon, but said nothing. His adeptness with the pen was well known, and his head dropped with a sense of guilt.

"I took my first drink of brady from a lady, who serves drinks that sting." A woman started up, she was one who had entertained royally.

"Judge, I am all you say, a gambler, a forger, a drinker, and now you have given me another name—convict. Twenty years—is that the sentence?"

"Father," he said, turning his eyes toward the galley, "you had a great future planned for your son. I'm sorry I have disappointed your hopes and darkened your home; forgive me!"

"Four months later," continued the judge, taking a paper from his pocket-book, "I received this letter from that young man.

"I always carry it," he said. "This, friends

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1908.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

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A bigger salary and larger office chair would seem to be appropriate for President Taft.

The government is again going after the beef trust; will give it another jab in the short ribs, as it were.

"A California man used a hole in his wooden leg to store his money." Such a leg would be worth pulling.

Two warships will carry Mr. Taft to Panama, and yet when he goes horseback riding he uses only one horse.

Statistics say Americans eat half their weight in sugar each year. This means 150 pounds for the President-elect.

After March 4 Mr. Taft will ride in two automobiles—two more than were used by President Roosevelt.

Naturally the man who can make a crop report read like poetry would seem to have a cinch on his cabinet position.

Somebody has rushed in where angels fear to tread with this question: "At what age is woman at her best?"

The Standard Oil company has failed to show the supreme court of Missouri why it should not be kicked out of that state.

Statements continue showing the decline of the Bryan vote. In time "the mystery of 1908" will reach a solution.

It is probably unnecessary to raise the salary of the President to $100,000 a year to induce Mr. Bryan to run again.

Mr. Charles P. Taft is now wearing the famous Taft smile. He expects to find it convenient in his race for the senatorship.

Let's hope the California wife who received $4,000,000 from her husband as a Christmas present will have no trouble making it fit.

A prophetess is out with a list of calamities for 1909. No prophet ever claims to see anything bright and cheerful just ahead.

The United States stands second in the list of naval powers of the world. Johnny Bull is first, but he doesn't want to fight.

According to Mr. Bryan's statement the only thing wrong with the story of his fight with a bear is that no such fight took place.

The Indiana man who went for a marriage license and forgot the name of his bride would make a good Standard Oil director.

Persons who received $20 gold pieces for Christmas are ready to agree with President Roosevelt, when he says they are artistic.

King Edward doesn't offend parliament when he sends it a message. The man who writes it sees that nothing of that kind happens.

An Iowa farmer is reported to have raised a crop of "almost cobless" corn. But wouldn't "near-cobless" be a better name for it?

Mr. Andrew Carnegie knows how to get a lot of fun out of a tariff discussion, since he is in a position where a little revision can't hurt him.

A college professor thinks Americans of the future will have black eyes. If the habit of calling one another liars isn't stopped he may be right.

Champ Clark says the average price of a woman's hat is $5. And yet it would never do to refer to any woman's hat as an average one.

To marry happily one must marry opposites, says a profesor. If his advice is followed it should help boom the Texas red-headed widow market.

Instead of writing novels and getting fame in an easy way, two Indiana men are planning a voyage across the Atlantic ocean in a balloon.

Mrs. Russell Sage is going to give a number of public schools a bound volume containing a history of her ancestors. Won't that tickle the boys and girls?

Mr. Bryan fears the President is tampering with the freedom of the press. And yet his precious Commoner is getting out once a week without any interference.

Seventy five million dollars is the value of Kansas' 1908 crops. Fifteen years ago the Sunflower State wasn't raising much of anything but wind and whiskers.

The sultan of Turkey is said to possess a fortune amounting to $360,000,000. There are other ways to accumulate money aside from engaging in the oil business.

Thirty gallons of oysters were recently consumed at a church social in a Kansas town. At a church social thirty gallons of oysters should be good for thirty barrels of soup.

Another county has gone dry and Emperor William announces he will never drink again during the remainder of his life. The temperance movement is making some mighty strides.

During the next ten years, in the opinion of the dean of the New York university school of finance, the cost of living will advance 30 per cent. He is almost as pessimistic as the man who predicts the end of the world.

WRESTLING WITH THE TARIFF.

The tariff hearings before the House committee on ways and means have come to a close. The members who have endured the ordeal have fled for their homes. All that remains is the drafting of the bill and the driving it through congress, a task of more difficulty to the ways and means committee, but infinitely more welcome.

These hearings were not all a joke, though Colonel Bonner says that at one session he attended the chairman didn't appear to hear anything that was spoken and Nicholas Longworth slept in a fine poetic tone such as a sawmill off in the woods pours forth. There was a tragic side. There were merchants and manufacturers crowded into Washington waiting to present their claims, either for lower duties on raw materials they employed or for higher duties on goods in competition with those they themselves turned out. There were attorneys with briefs of a refreshing quality such as that presented by the macaroni manufacturers who said they didn't need a duty, but that it was a fine thing for revenue since Italians imported their macaroni for patriotic reasons though it wasn't a bit better than that made in the United States. Take off the duty if you wish, they said, but you overlook a good source of revenue if you do. There was Mr. Schwab who said that he had lost the youthful confidence which had caused him to declare a few years ago that steel could be manufactured in this country cheaper than any place else in the world. There was the interesting view of the publicist, Andrew Carnegie, giving advice by magazine, but trying to dodge giving testimony at the capital.

One of the meritorious acts of the committee was its endowment of newspapers with libraries. If literature were judged according to its weight then forty or so publications entitled "Tariff Hearings" would command a high place in the domain of letters. Every morning for a month have the editors of the country been cheered by the appearance in their mail of volumes franked through by the Honorable Sereno E. Payne. To say that the documents were seized and immediately perused to the harm of other labor would be to exaggerate, but nevertheless these volumes had an entertaining character about them. One learned that "in this world there are such a number of things." The brain with a taste for miscellaneous facts could absorb assertions about porcelain plates, calendars, pictures and post cards, walnut furniture, prunes and prunelles, peanut roasters, card clothing set with 6-ply, 4-millimeter, felt faced cloth and No. 34 hardened and tempered steel wire, bristle fibres, cartridges, corks and horn combs, all within the space of a hundred or two pages. It was a commercial education, jammed with entertaining and most incomprehensible technicalities.

And then there was the daily pleasing recollection that that high domed statesman, Nicholas Longworth, could sleep sitting up.

A MARTYR TO SCIENCE.

When the complete story is told of the discovery and study of the Roentgen Rays one of its most important sections must deal with those who have given up their lives to acquaint humanity with the properties of the mysterious light. Burns from the rays have caused flesh to disintegrate, circulation to cease and nerves to become diseased. Many have died in agony. One man made careful record of his symptoms and sufferings that the medical practitioners might gain in knowledge.

Nearer home is the story which comes from Wooster, where Professor William Z. Bennett has been compelled to drop his work and enter a hospital in the hope of halting a pain brought about by a burn from X-rays years ago. He had declined to experiment upon others, and had turned the rays upon his own breast.

Professor Bennett is one more of an army of nobility that has made sacrifice that the fund of human wisdom be increased.

A QUARREL RECALLED.

The renewal of trouble between the German administrators and the natives in Samoa recalls one of the most picturesque of controversies with which world politics has been concerned in a quarter of a century.

In 1887 Malietoa, king of the Samoans, was deposed by the German government which seized him and deported him to New Guinea on the charge that he had been unjust to German residents in the islands. Later he was taken to Africa and thence to Hamburg. Tamasese, a native chief, was raised to the throne against the protests of the British and American consuls. The eloquent voice of Robert Louis Stevenson was raised to the defense of the house of Malietoa, a relative of the deposed king, Mataafa, having raised his standard. In a short, but bloody rebellion, Tamasese was deposed and Mataafa recognized by all the foreign residents save the Germans.

The situation became so strained that all three of the powers involved in the dispute had dispatched warships to Apia. For the Americans were the Vandalia, Nipsic and Trenton, with Rear Admiral Kimberley in command. The German men-of-war were the Adler, the Eber and the Olga, while the British were represented by the Calliope. It was in the midst of this threatening situation that the famous tidal storm of March, 1889, broke. The tempest raged with terrific furv for three days. The anchorages of the smaller vessels failed to hold, and they were dashed to bits upon the reefs or driven against one another and sunk in the harbor. The German gunboat Eber was the first to give way. She drove against the Nipsic with such force that it nearly crushed that warship, and then ran upon the reefs, going down with seventy-one seamen. The Adler was lost and with her departed twenty lives. The Nipsic was thrown broadside upon the reefs, where for years she remained a pitiful rusting wreck. The Vandalia succumbed, forty-four men and officers drowning. The Olga was beached. The Trenton fought the tempest for hours, but was finally cast upon the rocks. The engines of the Trenton had become disabled and sail was set, but it was torn to shreds in an instant. Then men were sent aloft to dress the yards to serve as a hold for the wind. While the gale was at its fiercest the watchers on shore caught the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" which was played upon the deck of the Trenton as she crept slowly to destruction. The Calliope managed with prodigious effort to get out of the harbor and to the open sea, where she rode out the storm in safety. The natives formed chains in the surf and rescued a hundred or more sailors.

Malietoa came back to his throne and peace reigned for ten years. On his death the foreign representatives fell out once more. A new treaty was thereupon arranged in Washington in December, 1899, Germany taking the islands of Upolu and Savaii and the United States Tutuila.

In the new dispute, America, by reason of claims renounced in 1899, can have no share or interest.

BEATING THE YANKEE.

"Commissioner Wallace asked if it was not a fact that the foreigner makes a living where the original Yankee could not, and while Mr. Ellsworth seemed somewhat loath to admit it, he finally answered that the foreigner usually secures a farm from which the Yankee has made a graceful retreat."

The words are from the proceedings of the National Commission on Country Life, as reported in the Boston Transcript. They cast a rather curious light on farming industry that never is mentioned in the bulletins of the Department of Agriculture. It may be that in them is the explanation of the violent agitation in New England against immigration. They direct attention to the fact that the Yankee is not necessarily supreme, however often he makes the assertion, or with what emphasis he puts it forth.

The foreigner has many qualities from which we could learn something to our advantage. One of them is a skill, possessed in highest degree by the French and the Germans, in getting a heavy yield from a small acreage. Recently two English women who had an experimental turn of mind, set aside an acre of ground, and turned a Norman gardener at work upon it. He cultivated it the year around, cared for it assiduously, nursed every plant as if it were the last representative of a beautiful species, watched every phase of the weather, snatched every hour of sunshine and every drop of rain. When the season was ended and the books were balanced there was a net profit of $2,500, all from one acre of English land. When it is remembered that in England the economists admit that agriculture is dead and that the island must depend upon the outside world for the bulk of its food, this is a rather startling showing.

In a way, perhaps not so spectacularly, the German truck farmers have revealed the possibility that lies in a small acreage in the United States. In many cases they have rented land at a high rate near large cities, farmed it in the manner that their fathers employed in the old country, and have amassed fortunes. In New England it appears that their industry and talent have become a force. They have resurrected the "abandoned farms," persuaded plant life to take kindly to the stony soil and stepped upon the conceit of the Yankee.

It is just as well that the Country Life Commission is bringing out some of the shortcomings of the native American. He has succeeded so often and so well that he is inclined to believe he "knows it all." The stocky German truck farmer, whose dialect he ridicules, can, in many cases, take his own land and double its income power.

THE HORRIBLE EXAMPLE.

Oklahoma holds a high position among the forty-six stars of the national standard. It serves as our most horrible example.

The state guarantee of bank deposits lifted the new state to a place where it could handily be criticised and ridiculed by the rest of the country. This measure had all those characteristics of quackery which catch the eye of William Jennings Bryan and the Nebraskan rang the chimes of its praises until called off by his alarmed lieutenants. Then the commonwealth pushed Governor Haskell forward in the limelight, where he cavorted untiringly until the letter files of one John D. Archbold were so unexpectedly printed. And now the corporation-baiting constitution has succeeded in stifling enterprise in the state and caused manufacturers and shippers who are anxious for outlets to run about in little circles.

A letter from the president of the Santa Fe railroad explains the situation in Oklahoma:

> We already have considerable mileage in the state, and if we build branches we should desire they should be in fact branches of our present line, but your constitution provides that, if built, they must be chartered as separate railroads under the laws of your state, which is entirely out of the question. Your laws also provide that if a twenty or thirty-mile branch is built it would have to be chartered as a separate corporation, with general offices and a full set of officers maintained within the state, which is a manifest absurdity.

Three things, at least, forty-five states will not take up, the bank deposit scheme, one Charles N. Haskell and the separate company features for railroad branches. Oklahoma has taught them that not one of the three has anything in it worth while.

A STRANGE CAREER.

Mary Anderson is back in America, Mary Anderson who has not been Mary Anderson for more than twenty years, but who will be Mary Anderson to all except her little present circle until her name shall have faded from the rolls of the actor people. To the greater number of us who have never seen her she is only a beautiful tradition. She must have been the embodiment of all that was charming and must have moved her audiences strangely to have made such an impression that was at once so deep and so swift.

Her career was probably the shortest of any player who ever acquired lasting fame. She was only sixteen when she began to act, only twenty-eight when she ceased. In those twelve years she sprang literally from the ranks of the ballet—a beginning the story of which is disputed—to a position where she eclipsed every woman in the world of the stage. She was the heroine of hundreds of newspaper stories, many of them untrue, though the press agent did not flourish in those days. Articles of dress were named for her, dolls were constructed in her likeness, her photograph was on sale at every newsstand. Since she has left the stage half of all the actor people who have played in her company have spun reminiscences of her, more or less accurate.

Such a career as this would seem, in its very nature, to be doomed to a curse of forgetfulness. Ordinarily, the swift-made fame is meteoric, shining its little hour or two and then falling to the earth with a thud. But the reputation of Mary Anderson grows with the days. If she chose—even as Madame Navarro—to come back for a single appearance in the cause of charity she would have lovers of the theatre speeding across the continent to catch the one glimpse of her. She could have very nearly the price she might choose to name if she contracted for a week's engagement.

But she says she will never act again, a statement she has made with emphasis a thousand times. It was thought that, like others who have abandoned the boards, she could not stay away, but then Mary Anderson is different. She has kept away. Moreover, she has written a book which goes far to tell why. Though she was lifted to the highest pinnacle, though she was stormed with praise, and though the critics pronounced her the most marvelous of actresses, she yet seems never to have had any real love for the stage. She made few friendships upon it. Rebuffs, when they came, made permanent scars upon her heart. She remembers the disagreeable experiences of her first night as a star when she appeared as Juliet and forgets the enthusiasm of the audience and the grandiose congratulations of the manager.

Mary Anderson was unique. Beloved, worshipped as she was, she probably cared the least for adulation of any man or woman who has led a public career in our time.

A SECRET OF NATURE'S.

Ghosts and gnomes have fled this incredulous domain, the mandrake shrieks no more when torn from the earth, the witch wears a pompadour and the moon confines its improper influence to the destinies of lovers. This is the age of skepticism. It is inclined to be the age of all-knowing, having an answer pat for every phenomenon that meets the eye and strikes upon the drum of the ear. And yet nature has her secrets still. The answer of yesterday is not altogether satisfactory today. There are wonders left. Many of us will go the long path from infancy to the final goal and fail to meet with explanation of experience that has puzzled the brain all the intervening years.

A query of this sort has long troubled a subscriber of The Blade, Mr. Edmund Hendershot, of Harper, Logan county, Ohio. He writes us:

> In February, 1864, my regiment returned home on veteran furlough. My home was at Belle Center, in Logan county, and one evening I went one mile north of town to see my best girl (at that time). I left about 1 o'clock and started for town. While going down through the woods to what is now the Big Four tracks I noticed that the woods were suddenly becoming very light. I stopped and faced the south and there I saw a big ball of fire traveling slowly along the treetops. Rising higher it lit up the whole country, going over my best girl's house, and I could see the house very plainly. I never knew what the big ball of fire was. If it had had ears like the one Mrs. Pierce saw (described in a recent issue of The Blade) I certainly would have opened up on it with my hand revolver. I never could tell what it was. I am 65 years old now, and unless someone can explain it I never will know.

Such a phenomenon could not be described as a meteor, for it was moving far too slowly. Sailors occasionally, in time of severe electrical storms, behold great balls of fire resting seemingly upon yardarms or traveling along the rails. They give it the name of St. Elmo's fire. According to the encyclopedias it is unusual on land and occurs at a time of thunder and rain and heavy wind. St. Elmo's fire is thought to be no more than globular lightning. Comparing Mr. Hendershot's experience with the articles on St. Elmo's in the books of reference they fail to agree in many particulars. Nor does a theory of a large meteor appear satisfactory. Jack-o'-lanterns, we believe, are not seen in winter time. With such information we have at hand we are inclined to be one with Mr. Hendershot, owning that we do not know what it was, or how it could have lit up his best girl's house. It may help our venerable subscriber if we call his attention to the fact that Lord Byron speaks of the "light of love."

CASTRO THE IDLER NOW.

It turns out that Senor Cipriano Castro did leave Venezuela for his health in spite of all intimations that he journeyed to Europe for an altogether different purpose. But it was not for ills to which his flesh was heir, but for threats to his bodily comfort.

The deputy president whom he left in charge of the reins of state while he sought relief abroad is making the most of his opportunities. He is not building up the political structure for the honor of Castro when he will have returned, but purely for his own benefit. Senor Castro, from a creature much enflowered with speech, much praised of press and mobs, appears to have shed his popularity at the moment of embarking on the ship which was to tear him away from his beloved fatherland. The country is congratulating itself upon his departure and is proceeding to make it a matter of difficulty for him to return except as a passenger among the goods in the hold. No doubt his fellow countrymen will bury him with great pomp and circumstance some day, shower his grave with wreaths and carve falsehood upon his tomb. But until that day comes Castro is an exile; the most voluntary exile in the world, it is suspected.

It was rumored that when the little presidento sailed away he held certificates of deposit in foreign banks to the amount of sixty million dollars. Those who know South America are not surprised. Castro has ruled an unusually long time and has had unusual opportunity to amass loot.

This is the motive of government in the Latin American—loot. It is a heritage from the Spanish possessors whose aim was not to make a people happy, to build great states, or acquire fame as just administrators, but to pillage and burn and tax for the aggrandizement solely of the governors. A few of the South American countries have cast off this spirit, Argentina, Brazil, Chili, Peru, mayhap, but it persists in the administration of the minor officials even there. Travelers discover it first in the customs officers. Business agents meet with it in local mayors, police captains, clerks and private secretaries. The practice has a standing centuries old. It is hard to eradicate. This is why Castro is permitted to "get away with the goods," why his vice president is so eager to promote himself to the office of the absentee, why the president now across the water feels no shame or remorse at having robbed his country.

LACE CURTAINS

Special Announcement to Subscribers Whose Time Expires Next Month.

In five years we have distributed among our subscribers over 100,000 pairs of lace curtains. This has proved to be the most popular premium ever offered with the Weekly Blade, and upon the urgent request of so many of our subscribers who want more of them we have contracted for another season's supply. Remember we do not sell these curtains, but give them free for every club of ten subscribers.

We have these curtains made especially for our purpose—all of them being exactly the same pattern, so that subscribers getting pairs at intervals will always find them to match. Each curtain is 30 inches wide by 2½ yards long, and we always send two curtains (or one pair), postpaid by mail to each person awarded. The retail price of these curtains in local stores would be from $1.00 to $1.50 per pair.

How to Obtain the Premium.

On the first day of each month we shall mail notice to every subscriber whose time expires during that month, giving choice of several propositions for renewal. All who send us a club of ten or more subscribers according to proposition number 3 will receive one pair of these curtains postpaid by mail. By January 1st those whose subscriptions expire during January should have our propostions. If not received by January 4th drop us a postal and we will promptly mail a duplicate. We shall be disappointed if each subscriber does not renew under one of our propositions, as The Blade is the cheapest and best weekly newspaper in the world. While all should renew under one of our propositions, we shall be prepared for the majority to send us clubs of ten or more, and avail themselves of our curtain propositions. It will be noticed that we do not now make this proposition a general one to all of our subscribers at the same time. It would be impossible to serve all at once. One mill could not manufacture and supply us, except by regular monthly shipments, which enable us to take care each month of those subscribers whose time expires during the current month. We now make this offer to January subscribers only, and thirty days later the February people will have their turn, and so on in order of expiration. In this way we will be able to take care of orders with regularity, and all our subscribers will be served in due time during their expiration month. Remember, unless you accept one of our January propostions by February 1st you will never have the opportunity again, because, beginning with that date, we shall deal with February subscribers only. In the meantime, if you do not renew, your name would be dropped from our list, and your address would be lost to us. We hope to have a renewal of all our January names and a large number of new ones as well.

TWO PRESIDENTS.

President James, of the University of Illinois, has kindly sent us a copy of his proclamation against hazing. It is an annunciation that savors of the bills posted upon the walls of South American cities in time of change of governments. Its internal structure resembles a message on the subject of prevaricators and bigots and wealthy malefactors, which isn't at all the thing for the head of an institution which points with pride to its distinguished alumnus, William J. Bryan.

"Hazing," we are told, "is a violation of good manners and of the right of individual liberty. * * * In its milder forms it is a nonsensical and almost idiotic form of amusement unworthy of the support or favor of any sensible university student. It is * * * vulgar, brutal and demoralizing. * * * It may, not inaptly, be compared with night-riding, white-capping and other similar forms of outrageous interference with public and private rights."

A president of a great university and a president of a great republic, it appears, may have gifts of speech in common.

BEANS AND BOUNTY.

From a small ridge near Lewiston, Idaho, known as Potlatch, the farmers have taken twenty-one carloads of beans, the crop being far under the record yield, which is forty carloads. But because of the small production this year and the consequent demand the bean growers will receive about $40,000. This is ample, it is reported locally, to offset the decreased harvest.

Less than fifty years ago the school geographies of the United States labeled all the great section between the eastern half of Kansas and the outer rim of the Pacific states the Great American Desert. The acquisition of Oregon and Washington had shortly before been condemned as a silly piece of imperialism. Twenty-five years ago the Lewiston district was visited by only an occasional prospector or was grazed over by a few widely scattered herds of cattle.

The building of the Northwest is one of the most romantic items in our history. The departure of the Indian, the passing of the trapper, the exploration of the gold seeker, the entrance of the daring cattleman and then the coming of the farmer, these are chapters in a swift epic that is living poetry.

Here was a land that was anything but attractive to the agriculturists of the old school. They believed in the efficiency more of the rainfall than of the richness of the soil. They turned in disgust from dusty looking land that has since broken a hundred records in national production. What they liked best was a valley deep in rich grass, bordered with trees which attested the beneficence of the climate, a country over which cloud chased cloud, and the gentle rain came at just the opportune time. They were willing to compromise, however. If they could find a plot well watered they would undertake the clearing away of boulders, scrub oak and thistles. And so many an emigrant journeyed beside the Snake river and into the rainy slope that touched the ocean. Yet they passed through an empire. There was land they spurned, land they believed utterly barren, which has brought forth wealth and a thousand goodnesses of the earth.

There were others more shrewd, who tried the soil and discovered its wonderful bountifulness. Some of these "treked" into the Lewiston district and were rewarded beyond their dreams. In this year of grace, 1908, scarce a quarter century after the trapper, a little ridge named Potlatch sends forth $40,000 worth of beans—beans for which, mayhap, Boston is this very minute clamoring.

A PRESIDENT INSULTED.

The Christmas day adventure of President Fallieres brings up again that puzzling thing about men, that they resent so violently any attempt to pull their beards and will still persist in wearing an adornment which makes one's fingers fairly itch with the temptation to grab and yank.

> Now of beards there be
> Such a company,
> Of fashions such a throng,
> That it is very hard
> To treat of the beard
> Though it be ne'er so long,

is the way that an ancient poet dodged a subject of such size that it appalled him. It has been asserted by ingenious gentlemen in holy orders that the beard, like the art of sewing, came in with and was a consequence of sin. But whether sinful in itself, or merely a symbol of the historic entrance of sin, men came in time to set great store by facial fringe. It is told in the famous ballads of the Cid that a Jew who had hated and feared the redoubtable warrior living, slipped into the room where he lay dead and sought vengeance by contemptuously plucking at the beard. But the hidalgo was plucked immediately into life again by the outrage. He started up and reached for his sword. Whereupon his assailant died of fright, in the most approved manner of ballads.

In the way that the modern Chinaman is punished by cutting off his queue so the Moslems of another day enforced a penalty by slashing away an honored beard. The great Czar Peter of Russia greatly improved the state of his treasury by taxing beards. When collections came slowly palace guards went forth and shaved off beards they met with in the street, using a dull oyster knife as the instrument. Such major operations stimulated the populace into bringing forth the exactments. The smooth chin of the Greek came in when Alexander directed the shaving of the beards of the soldiers lest they become handles for the enemy.

"I shave my beard," said the sultan Selim I in answer to the horrified exclamations of his courtiers, "to prevent my vizier leading me by it."

Better no whiskers at all, it appears, than that they be grasped by a stranger, royalist or not. The playful might well say that the case is like that of the execrated horticulturist who grows fruit so that it droops over into the highway and yet puts up a sign "thieves and trespassers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law."

ROOM FOR IT STILL.

Said Elbert H. Gary, president of the United States Steel Corporation, before the tariff committee:

> Our corporation manufactures ten or eleven million tons of pig iron per annum; about twelve or thirteen million tons of finished steel, a large tonnage of semi-finished steel, including rails, structural steel, wire and steel wire products.
>
> Wire nails?
>
> Wire nails.
>
> Wire fence?
>
> Wire fence, woven fence; a great many different kinds of wire, as small as piano wire, and so forth; tubes, tin plates. The finished products include steel rails, blooms, billets, slabs, sheet and tin plate, bars and plates, heavy structural shapes, merchant steel, skelp, hoops, bands and cotton ties, tubing and pipe, rods, wire and products of wire, sheets, block and galvanized steel plates, spikes, bolts, nuts and rivets, axles, car wheels and sundry and various other items that would be connected with or kindred to these various things; spelter, sulphite of iron, cement.
>
> Cement, you say?
>
> Yes. We have a very large cement business.
>
> You control extensive fields of iron mines?
>
> Yes, we do. In the Lake Superior region, the Menominee, Gogebic, Marquette and Tennessee and Alabama fields.
>
> The United States Steel Corporation is the owner of the shares of stock of various manufacturing corporations, and those corporations manufacture iron, a great many different kinds of steel, also mine ore, mine coal, manufacture coke; and also those corporations own the shares of various transportation companies, including several railroads and a steamship line on the lakes.
>
> The steel trust should not be discouraged. There are still other industries left for it to conquer, the grocery trade, millinery, cloaks, boots and shoes (when without hobnails), barber shops and peanut stands.

A THREE-MILE BRIDGE.

One of the great projects of the latest period of prosperity is to be carried through in the next period.

The Pennsylvania railroad will shortly begin the construction of a bridge which, including the approaches, is to be three miles long. It will run from Port Morris, a suburb of New York city on the north, to Long Island city. This will make connections between the Pennsylvania road and the New Haven & Hartford, the line crossing North River, Manhattan Island and East river by tunnel. The middle spans of the great bridge will rest upon the rocks of Hell Gate. The crown will be three hundred feet above the surface of the water and the train floor 140 feet, the floor in this case hanging from the crown of the arches.

The signs point to an intention on the part of capitalists to spend great sums for the improvement of existing properties in the next few years rather than to undertake entirely new enterprise.

The Hermit.

Listen! O listen! 'Tis the thrush—God bless him!
How marvelously sweet the song he sings!
All Nature seems to listen and caress him,
And Silence even closer folds her wings
Lest she should miss one faintly throbbing note
Of high-wrought rapture, from that flute-like throat.

The warbling world, itself, is hushed about him:
No bird essays the amoebean strain;
Each knows the soul of Music—full without him—
Could bear no more, and rivalry were vain.
So, Daphnis singing in the tamarisk shade,
All things grew silent, of a sound afraid.

The aspens by the lake have ceased to shiver,
As if the very zephyrs held their breath:
Hearken now, wave on wave, with notes to give
It rises now—that song of life and death!—
"O holy! holy!" Was it Heaven that called
My spirit, by love's ecstasy enthralled?
—Florence Earle Coates, in Harper's.

THE EDGE OF THINGS

A North Dakota widower who was married recently for the third time, and whose bride has been married once before herself, wrote across the bottom of the invitations: "Be sure and come; this is no amateur performance."

"I know how you can get on the good side of pa," said the girl coyly. "Just agree with him in politics."

"All right," replied the young man. "What's his politics?"

"Well, I've heard him say he really was a Prohibitionist with Socialistic leanings and a tendency toward Populism except that you can't shut up saloons and Debs is a firebrand and Watson makes him tired, and it's no use wasting a vote, anyhow, so although naturally a Democrat, he favors high tariff and would support the Republican party if Roosevelt wasn't the whole thing. Oh, I don't exactly understand pa's politics, but he'll tell you."

That the clergy has a liking for the play upon words which are ordinarily barred from his society is a fact not unfamiliar to the laiety.

There is a Congregational minister out in Chicago who became disgusted with the want of vigor in the music as sung by his congregation. He remarked from the pulpit last Sunday that this was the kind of church music that made him feel like the devil.

Which recalls the somewhat famous story of the Presbyterian minister who was asked to hold services in a Unitarian church. He demurred, saying: "I fear there is too much difference in our beliefs, in fact, there is a hell of a difference."

Harper's Weekly.

Fingy Conners is an irrepressible soul. Tact and he have nothing in common. A few evenings ago he met Charles Bissell in a crowded hotel and pounced upon him with reckless joviality.

"Hello-o-o-o, Charley! he cried. "How the deuce are you eh? How's everything? How's Herb? How's"—

Mr. Bissell was worried. He pined for decorum. At his side was Mr. Justice Brewer of the United States supreme court at Washington, reserved, silent, dignified. Mr. Bissell was inspired to use his majestic personality as a quencher of Fingy's exuberance.

"Mr. Conners," he said, "let me present you to Justice Brewer."

"How's the health?" asked Fingy, giving the hand of the judge a perfunctory shake. Then, stepping back so as to afford more range to his glance of disapproval, he looked at Mr. Justice Brewer very coldly, and, turning to Mr. Bissell, said:

"Say, Charley, I thought I was onto all the people you put on the bench, but I guess I'm in wrong somewhere. What court did you make him judge of?"

Sketch.

Old Golf Professional—"No, ye'll no mak' a gowffer—ye've begun ower late and ye've ower muckle pottle; but it's juist possible if ye practice harrd, verra harrd, for two-three years, ye micht—

Jones (expectantly)—"Yes?"

Professional—"Ye micht begin to hae a glimmer that ye'll never ken the r-rudiments o' the game."

Saturday Evening Post.

A repertoire company was walking into Paducah, where they were billed to play Romeo and Juliet. The leading man approached the manager, who strode moodily ahead on the ties.

"Boss," he said, "I've got to have 15 cents."

"Fifteen cents?" growled the manager. "You're always yelling for money. What do you want 15 cents for?"

"What do I want 15 cents for?" repeated the leading man bitterly. "I want it for a shave, that's what I want it for. I can't play Romeo with five days' black beard on my face."

"Oh, well," said the manager, "you won't get no 15 cents. We'll change the bill to Othello."

London Tit-Bits.

Sir Ian Hamilton, who recently unveiled the Manchester War Memorial, and who has thirty-five years' military service to his credit, tells an amusing story of a little incident that happened in South Africa while he was acting as chief of staff to Lord Kitchener.

He had occasion to visit rather a large depot, of which a young officer was in command. Going through certain papers General Hamilton found that these were not quite in order, and at last said rather wearily to the officer, "You know this sort of thing will not do at all. What do you suppose your brains were given you for?"

"I am sure I do not know, general," was the cheerful reply. "Since I came here I have worked sixteen hours a day and more. I have acted as mule teamster, with words or syllables, over each of which is a numeral to designate the length of tone.

After a series of experiments the naturalists at the zoological park in Washington, D. C., decided that most of the reptiles, including the serpents, have extremely short ranges of vision and hearing.

There are more than 600 women studying medicine at French universities. At present Paris has over 100 members of the fair sex who are physicians, many of them holding important posts in connection with schools.

Bromine, useful in medicine, photography, the manufacture of dyes and in certain metallurgical operations, is produced commercially in only four states of the country—Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia. Last year's output was 1,379,496 pounds.

A $2,000 bequest made three years ago by a Frenchman as a prize for the first man who would succeed in communicating with another planet, but never claimed, will be given in 1910 by the Academy of Sciences to the astronomer who shall have made the most important discovery in astronomical science.

The new constitution of Michigan, which has just been ratified, gives tax suffrage to women. A large delegation of women representing all classes had a hearing before the constitutional convention asking that women have full suffrage with men. Their plea was backed by a petition with 175,000 individual signatures. Michigan is the fifth state to give women the suffrage.

On December 2 the state of Illinois was 90 years old. Already Chicago newspapers are talking of a big centennial celebration in 1918. On December 3, 1818, school children may learn from their history books, Illinois was admitted into the Union as a state. Two years later the census gave her population as 55,211. Chicago, chiefest among her daughters, was born in 1833.

Armenia is a country of strong contrasts, of opposite extremes, of heat and cold, light and shade, drouth and moisture, and contains many mysteries awaiting solution. The ethnologist is still in doubt as to what branch of the great European family the Armenian people belong to; the philologist has not yet classified their language, the antiquarian knows next to nothing of their early history.

The United States Tobacco Journal tells of a curious scheme in use in Germany for raising money for charity. Pieces of cigar and cigaret ends have been placed in cafes and public buildings by a charitable organization, and enough money is collected from the sale of this class of refuse to feed and clothe 1,728 children during the winter months. What becomes of the cigar stumps is a secret fortunately kept from the smokers.

Youth's Companion.

What astonishes the visiting Britisher most is the manner in which every kind of immigrant to the United States adapts himself to the prevailing ideas about Englishmen. In the course of conversation with the noble Italian who condescends to brighten one end of the British isher, the visitor informed the bootblack that he was an Englishman—and Englishmen had a great respect for Italians, and had entertained Garibaldi in grand style. "Inglees! Ha! ha! Inglees!" said Mr. Dago in soft, musical tones. "Ha! They spic no good, dey droppa da haitch!"

The artist was of the impressionist school. He had just given the last touches to a purple and blue canvas when his wife came into the studio.

"My dear," said he, "that is the landscape I wanted you to suggest a title for."

"Why not call it 'Home'?" she said after a long look.

"'Home'? Why?"

"Because there's no place like it," she replied, meekly.

Varieties

The fruit of the male fig tree is never eaten.

Australia has but a single beast of prey, the dingo, or wild dog.

An international colonial exposition will be held at Algiers in 1912.

A recent government estimate places the population of France at 40,000,000.

An entire battalion of the German army is being trained in the use of airships.

Work on New York city's new Catskill reservoir and aqueduct is employing 6,000 men.

New York, Maine and Wisconsin rank in the order named in the production of paper.

Vegetarians claim that an acre of land will comfortably feed a family of four persons.

Chemically pure oxide of cobalt is used to give the famous blue color to Sevres porcelain.

Silverware may be kept bright by letting it for several hours in a hot solution of borax.

Mary Anderson arrives in New York on a visit and says she will never return to the stage.

Italy's rice crop this year is estimated at 25,000,000 bushels, the greatest for several years.

The first piano factory in the Australian state of Victoria is in course of erection at Melbourne.

Yellow soap and whiting, mixed to a thick paste with water, will stop a leak as effectually as solder.

At the International Road congress held recently in Paris, 30 nations were represented by about 2,000 delegates.

W. H. Newman, president of the New York Central Lines, resigns after forty years of active railroad work.

Each year during the last five New York city has torn down enough buildings to house a city of 50,000 persons.

A Pennsylvania farmer has begun to breed ladybugs to combat the attacks of plant lice and the San Jose scale.

The coal mined in the United States each year, if piled together, would make a cube having sides of 714 yards.

The German cruiser squadron in eastern Asia has been experimenting with Chinese coal with satisfactory results.

According to a well-known anthropologist, the influences of city life tend toward the reduction of the human stature.

Andrew Carnegie's insistence that steel needs no protection worries Republican members of the ways and means committee.

Use of formaldehyde as a preservative is condemned by Dr. Wiley, government chemist, in a report made public at Washington.

Wall street hears that Andrew Carnegie is back in the steel business and is furnishing the money for Schwab's Bethlehem works.

All the tracks of the Illinois Central within the city of Chicago will be electrified and the use of steam locomotives abandoned.

The Celtic, which is to take supplies and gifts to the battleship fleet, is at the Brooklyn navy yard, and will not leave until early in January.

Mississippi valley pine mills shipped 1,299,108,991 feet the first nine months of 1908, a decrease from the same period last year of 39 per cent.

Woman witness in night rider trial at Union City, Tenn., demands an armed escort when she leaves the court after naming members of the band.

The most recent models of electric mine locomotives haul five times the load of a mule team in two-thirds less time.

The Pennsylvania railroad has adopted the third rail system of electrical transmission for its tunnels in the vicinity of New York.

But three states produced quicksilver last year—California, Texas and Utah—the first named having about 80 per cent of the total.

The United States buys nearly 50 per cent of the mica exported by Canada, which industry has grown to nearly 1,000,000 pounds a year.

During October, under the operation of penny postage, the weight of the mail from Great Britain to the United States increased 27 per cent.

An exposition of means and appliances for safeguarding against accidents from machinery will be held at Copenhagen in January and February.

A French physician claims to have found many disease germs in medicines, particularly in pills, many of which do not contain antiseptics.

A Philadelphia woman has devised a nightgown opening down the back, for use in hospitals or to be put on a person too ill to rise from bed.

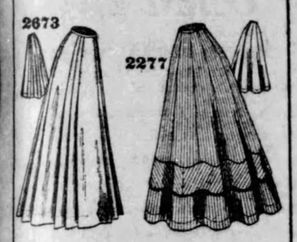
The nation's annual consumption of paper would make a roll 330 feet high and 37 in diameter, weighing about 2,500,000 tons and costing $36,200,000.

An Oklahoman has been granted a patent on grappling tongs for seizing pigs and other elusive small animals, without loss of the pursuers' dignity.

Ferro-silicon and other alloys of the latter metal have remarkable resisting powers, nitric, hydrochlo

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

From the latest Paris and New York Styles.



These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

2689—Ladies' Shirt Waist, closing at back, with round yoke and fancy trimming piece. This is a charming model for voile or crepe de chine with yoke of all-over lace and trimmings of black or self-colored velvet ribbon, the jabot and sleeve ruffles being of plaited silk. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2253—Ladies' Kimono Shirt-Waist, with a separate yoke-guimpe having three-quarter length sleeves. This is an excellent model for Viyella flannel, or striped silk; the trimming of the collar and binding of the kimono sleeves being done with plain colored taffetas silk. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2675—Ladies' One-Piece Plaited Skirt, with straight lower edge. This model is adaptable to any of the plain cloths or the mixed worsted materials, as well as corduroy, serge or voile. 7 sizes—22 to 32.

2277—Ladies' Eleven-Gored Ripple Skirt. This is a stylish pattern for the general kock-about walking skirt, developed in striped serge or cheviot, with a band of the material cut on the bias being used as a trimming. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2176—Girls' Dress, with three-quarter length sleeves. This pretty little design is especially desirable for plaid materials, either the woolen or wash materials. If desired the yoke, belt and cuff may be made of plain colored material, which will be a stylish contrast with the plaid. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2668—Girls' Dress, with a separate guimpe. This is a simple little model, especially desirable for school wear, it develops well in serge flannel, mohair or wool batiste, with trimmings of taffeta silk and the guimpe of tucked Victoria lawn. 4 sizes—8 to 14 years.

2678—Girls' Coat, in Directoire Style. This model is desirably developed in broadcloth, serge, Venetian cloth, corduroy, velvet, velveteen, or in fact any of the coat materials, with the revers trimmed with braid, or faced with striped silk. 4 sizes—8 to 14 years.

2560—Boys' Sailor Suit, consisting of a blouse slipped over the head, having long seamless shoulders in regulation naval style, and a removable shield, and Knickerbockers. Dark blue or brown serge with the shield of white linen and the tie of black satin or taffetas, the embroidery being done with gold thread makes this a desirable and useful suit for the growing boy. 5 sizes—4 to 12 years.

2534—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist, with Seven-eighths Length Sleeves and with or without detached Dutch Collar. Made up in some dark-colored flannel, with collar and cuffs of striped flannel and a tie of combination of both, this is a jaunty little model for the everyday shirtwaist. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2531—Misses' One-piece Corset Cover, with or without Peplum. Especially desirable for Flouncings. It is also extremely dainty made of nainsook, jaconet, thin cambric, Persian lawn, China silk or any material on this order. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2671—Ladies' Corset Cover, with High Neck or Low Square or Round Neck. This garment is adaptable to cambric, nainsook, batiste, thin silk, Persian lawn or jaconet. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

2572—Ladies' House Gown, with Attached Four-piece Skirt. This model is very dainty developed in soft challis, albatross, nun's veiling, Henrietta or flowered cretonne, with bands of a contrasting shade. A pretty effect is gained by developing the dress of plain material with bands of flowered cretonne. 5 sizes 32 to 40.

2683—Ladies' Work Apron. This attractive all-over apron is developed in plain colored linen, but is equally adaptable to checked or figured gingham or dimity. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2676—Girls' Dress, Closing with Buttons Down Left Side of Front. This model is adaptable to serge, broadcloth, Venetian Cloth, French worsted, cheviot, mohair and cashmere, with belt and collar in a contrasting shade of material and embroidered at the front with gold cord. 5 sizes—6 to 14 years.

2685—Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress, closing with buttons down the front and having a removable chemisette. This extremely simple but stylish gown is adaptable to any of the winter materials, with the chemisette of all-over lace and the trimming of silk in a contrasting shade. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2700—Misses' Semi-Princess Dress, in "Gibson" style and having an attached seven-gored skirt. This model is adaptable to almost any material, and is particularly becoming to the slim girlish figure with the yoke being of all-over lace. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2680—Child's Dress, with Square Yoke and with or without Fancy Collar. This dainty little model should be developed in French flannel, cashmere or challis and trimmed with narrow soutache braid. 5 sizes—1 to 9 years.

1628—Ladies' Square-yoke Nightgown. Developed in Lonsdale muslin, flanellette, dimity, nainsook, batiste, thin cambric, Victoria lawn or Persian lawn, this is a dainty and charming little night robe. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2667—Ladies' Fancy Aprons. These aprons may be developed in nainsook, batiste, Persian lawn or wash silk flannel with insertion and edging of fine lace and dainty ribbon-run beading. One size.

WATCHES

We offer again this season the line of Waltham and Elgin watches that proved popular last year, at prices lower than elsewhere retailed.

The cases used in our watches are the very best grades of 25-year and 20-year gold filled cases on the market. We make no extra charge for hand engraved cases in the 25-year grade.

We guarantee everything we offer you to be JUST EXACTLY AS REPRESENTED.

And you will find our prices lower than you can purchase the same quality for elsewhere.

The Waltham and Elgin watches are all stem wind and stem set.

ALL WATCHES ARE SENT BY REGISTERED MAIL.

This offer is intended only for Blade subscribers. We desire to give our subscribers the advantages of the best quality of everything at the very lowest price.

MOVEMENTS.

Nickel—Fifteen jewels (settings): quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval regulator; sunk second dial; nickel idex; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

Nickel—Seven jewels: quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval steel regulator; sunk second dial; nickel index; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

MEN'S WATCHES.

No. 101—18 size, 25-year open face, 7-jeweled works $11.50
No. 102—16 size, 25-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works $15.00
No. 103—16 size, 25-year open face, 7-jeweled works $12.25
No. 104—18 size, 25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works $15.50
No. 105—18 size, 25-year open face, 15-jeweled works $12.50
No. 106—16 size, 25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works $17.00
No. 107—16 size, 25-year open face, 15-jeweled works $14.50
No. 110—16 size, 20-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works $12.75
No. 111—16 size, 20-year open face, 7-jeweled works $10.00
No. 113—18 size, 20-year open face, 15-jeweled works $10.50
No. 114—16 size, 20-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works $15.00
No. 115—16 size, 20-year open face, 15-jeweled works $12.50

NICKEL SILVER CASES.

No. 116—18 size, 7-jeweled works $5.30
No. 118—18 size, 15-jeweled works $6.60
No. 119—16 size, 15-jeweled works $8.75

LADIES' 6 SIZE.

No. 121—25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works $13.50
No. 128—20-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works $12.25

LADIES' 0 SIZE.

No. 124—25-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works $14.00
No. 125—25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works $17.50
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Remit by P. O. money order, express money order, registered letter, or New York draft.

Address all orders to

THE BLADE Toledo, O.

PLAGUE HITS CHILDREN

Ten Cases of Foot and Mouth Disease Among People in New York State.

Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 28.—Ten cases of what is suspected to be the foot and mouth disease have developed in children of five families in the town of Clarkson, Monroe county, and one of the ten, an infant, has died.

The child that died had symptoms that resembled cerebral meningitis. The town health officer has sent a report of the suspected spread of the cattle disease among the children to Commissioner Porter, of the state department of health.

Outbreak Smothered.

Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 28.—No case of foot and mouth disease has been found in New York state in the past nineteen days, and both state and federal authorities are so confident that they have the outbreak smothered that orders have been issued modifying the quarantine regulations.

Interstate shipment of hay, straw and hides from any part of New York state except the counties of Erie, Niagara, Orleans, Genesee and Monroe, where the state quarantine regulations are still in force, will be permitted.

Five in One Family.

Five children of one family are believed by the local health office to have the foot and mouth disease, and it is held to be significant that these five all used milk, while the other members of the family did not. A reinspection of the cattle in the vicinity has been ordered.

The cattle from which the children are thought to have taken the disease, were, in some cases, infected with the foot and mouth disease, while in some the cattle had been pronounced free from the malady.

MAN FATALLY BURNED

Prominent Smythe County, Pa., Resident Cremated.

Roanoke, Va., Dec. 26.—In a fire which destroyed his home at Broadford, Smythe county, J. A. Gollahorne, one of the most prominent men of the county, was cremated.

Gollahorne lived alone in his large country house. It is believed the fire was started by the explosion of a kerosene lamp while Gollahorne was asleep.

BATTLE OVER WHISKY

5 Negroes Fatally Wounded and 100 Shots Fired.

Hopkinsville, Ky., Dec. 26.—Five negroes were mortally wounded in a general pistol fight in the southern part of this county yesterday.

Charles Sanders attempted to steal a jug of whisky and was shot. This started a general fight in which nearly a hundred shots were exchanged.

All the participants are said to have been drinking.

C. SPRECKLES DEAD

Pneumonia Fatal to Famous Sugar Millionaire.

San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 26.—Claus Spreckels, the famous sugar millionaire, died from the effects of an attack of pneumonia at 4:30 this morning.

BIG FARM PAPER A WHOLE YEAR FREE

We will send you our great farm paper absolutely free for three months if you will do us a small favor. Just send us names and addresses of five good farmers and inclose 2-cent stamp. The Valley Farmer is a handsomely printed farm journal, established 15 years, edited by the ablest agricultural writers of the country, published on its own $20,000 rotary magazine press by the largest publishing house in the West, and read by over a quarter of a million people, its circulation reaching every state in the Union. Address, with stamp, Valley Farmer, 529 Jackson st., Topeka, Kan.

VESSEL SINKS CREW DROWNS

Newcastle, N. S. W., Dec. 28.—The British steamer Advance and the British bark Inverna were in collision off here today. The Advance went down, and, with the exception of her first officer, all the members of her crew lost their lives. The Inverna put into Newcastle leaking badly.

KILLS CRIPPLED SON

Father, Brooding Over Illness, Then Slays Self.

Lincoln, Neb., Dec. 26.—Herman Wiedburg, a hack driver, 35 years old, last night killed his son, Sidney, 9 years old, and then shot himself, dying almost instantly.

Wiedburg had for some time been in poor health. Brooding over his own ailment and that of the boy, who was a cripple, it is supposed, prompted the act.

WILL BE AMBASSADOR

China to Raise Rank of Representative in U. S.

Peking, Dec. 24.—The foreign board has received a cablegram from Tang Shao Yi at Washington, saying that the Washington government has responded favorably to the proposal made by China to raise the Chinese legation at Washington to the rank of embassy.

Tang Shao Yi is the Chinese official who is at present in the United States on a diplomatic mission from his government.

INVALID'S SAD PLIGHT

After Inflammatory Rheumatism, Hair Came Out, Skin Peeled, and Bed Sores Developed—Only

CUTICURA PROVED SUCCESSFUL

"About four years ago I had a very severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism. My skin peeled, and the high fever played havoc with my hair, which came out in bunches. I also had three large bed sores on my back. I did not gain very rapidly, and my appetite was very poor. I tried many 'sure cures' but they were of little help, and until I tried Cuticura Resolvent I had no real relief. Then my complexion cleared and soon I felt better. The bed sores went very soon after a few applications of Cuticura Ointment, and when I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment for my hair it began to regain its former glossy appearance. Mrs. Lavina J. Henderson, 138 Broad St., Stamford, Conn., March 6 and 12, '07."

SERUM CREATES BLOOD

Physician Claims That It Cures Anaemia.

New York, Dec. 24.—On his first visit to this country and to treat a patient in Philadelphia who had been under his care in Paris, Dr. Paul M. Bobier a physician, arrived on the Provence, of the French line, from Havre, with Mrs. Bobier. Dr. Bobier says he brings a new serum for the cure of anaemia. Dr. Hogg has used the serum for the last two years on more than two hundred persons, with beneficial results, he asserts:

"This serum," said Dr. Bobier, "is for anaemia and nervous depression and is a very strong tonic to the nervous system. I have named it hemophore, which from the Greek means 'bring blood,' and it is a combination of liquid iron, glycerophosphate of soda and methylarsinate of soda. It is taken into the system of the patient by hypodermic injections, which are not painful and are without danger. The quantitites are determined by the patient's condition.

"The ordinary preparations which are given to one suffering from anaemia of the stomach are attended with considerable gastric trouble, and this brought about the combination which is the result of the investigations of Dr. Hogg and myself."

Cures Cancer, Too.

Milan, Dec. 24.—Professor Sanfelice, of the University of Messina, claims to have discovered, after fifteen years of experiments, that cancer is caused by a parasite and to have found a serum which kills it. The professor has produced before an anudience of physicians records of specimens of various cases he has cured. The cancer parasite belongs to the species of organic ferments and has been named saccharomysces neosormans.

RADICAL CUT IN TARIFFS

Slashing of Rates All Along the Line Is Present Program of the Congress.

Washington, Dec., 28.—Free lumber, free shoes and free hides, ffree woodpulp, a 50 per cent cut in the steel schedule and an average reduction all along the line of from 15 to 17 per cent, constitute the principal points in the new tariff policy of the United States as it probably will be embodied in the tariff law to be enacted at the special session of Congress after William H. Taft begins his service as president.

This, at least, is the program now. This statement is made with the knowledge of the general attitude of the Republican members of the ways and means committee.

Certain Countries Favored.

Further, the tariff law is to be a maximum and minimum law wherein the maximum probably will be about 20 per cent above the minimum, the minimum to be granted to the countries giving this government favorable tariffs.

The law also will seek to provide legal remedy for the scheme of undervaluation in vogue among foreign exporters.

The law is to revise downward the tariff duties on staple manufactured articles and to increase the customs taxes upon the luxuries. Increases upon luxuries will not be opposed by the Democrats.

The plan calls for a tax of five cents a pound on coffee and ten cents a pound on tea. That these special imports have been under consideration has been announced.

Principle Modified.

A lowering to this extent, if carried out as seems probable, will mark an important modification of the "infant industry" principle which has prevailed in the Republican construction of tariff acts. The new tariff theoretically will be designed primarily to represent the difference in the scales.

The 50 per cent cut in steel will represent a compromise between the "free steel" position taken by Andrew Carnegie and that occupied by Judge Gary and the standpat steel men.

Localized opposition to free lumber and wool is in sight in the far West and from sections of the South.

WANTS DEMOCRATS TO ACT

Negative Tactics Won't Do, Says Party Leader.

Washington, Dec. 28.—Henry D. Clayton, of Alabama, chairman of the Democratic caucus of the house of representatives, today expressed his views as to the Democratic attitude in the proposed revision of the tariff. He said

"In my opinion it is not sufficient for the Democrats to assume an attitude of simple negation and merely oppose what the Republicans offer. We must formulate an entire tariff bill, champion it, demand revision on its every schedule and ask for the yeas and nays in the house. The Democrats are unexcelled to kick things to pieces; let us show that we can put things together.

"The Republicans are thundering in the index. They cannot revise the tariff 'down.' Who gathers figs from thistles or grapes from thorns? And yet that is the crop of figs and grapes Cannon, Aldrich, Burrows, Dalzell and company will give us."

ADMIRAL DEWEY IS 71

Washington, Dec. 26.—Admiral George Dewey, hero of Manila Bay, and ranking officer in the United States navy, is celebrating his seventy-first birthday today, more than ten years after the exploit which made him world famous.

Still vigorous of mind, the aged admiral is not enjoying the best of health, having been suffering for the past six weeks with a bad attack of sciatica. He, therefore, spent the day at his home, many of his intimate friends calling to pay their respects and to tender their congratulations.

GEN. MARBLE DEAD

Washington, Dec. 25.—General Edgar M. Marble, former commissioner of patents and a well known figure in both Washington and New York, died here yesterday from paralysis. General Marble was head of the patent office by appointment of President Hayes. Later he served as an assistant attorney general.

CRUSADE REACH DIVES

Pittsburg Voters' League to Extend War to All Forms of Corruption and Vice.

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 25.—Politicians, officeholders past and present, several wealthy real estate men and others who have been prominent in the public eye will be arrested by the scores if plans known to have been made by the Voters' League materialize.

Encouraged by the successful launching of prosecutions on graft charges of seven prominent members of councils and two officials of a local bank, officials of the league are planning to probe the alleged shame of Pittsburg to the core and to make arrests whenever the evidence warrants.

Probe Social Evil.

An intimation of one feature of the work to be undertaken at once was given last night, when it became known through a member of the league that a thorough investigation will be made of the tenderloin district. Judging from evidence obtained from its private detectives, the league believes several real estate men of prominence can be prosecuted for renting their houses to be used for improper purposes.

The league has set out to ascertain to what extent, if any, gambling flourishes in Pittsburg. If any of the dens are caught doing business the league wants to know who gave the permission, and why they have not been suppressed.

Grill Rooms, Too.

The numerous grill rooms, wine rooms and alleged disreputable hotels will receive special attention from the leaue's private sleuths.

It is the intention of the graft fighters not only to exile the boodlers, but also to reduce the social evil to the furthermost limit.

One of the next steps to be taken by the league will be the arrest and prosecution of the twenty-two councilmen and business men against whom evidence of an ugly nature is said to have been obtained. Warrants charging bribery already have been prepared.

Mayor Guthrie yesterday declared with emphasis that the fact that several members of the finance committee of councils are involved in the bribery scandal should in no way delay consideration and passage of the appropriations ordinance before the beginning of the next fiscal year, February 1, 1909. This statement was forthcoming in reply to a rumor that the funds of the city would be tied up on account of the arrest of the seven councilmen.

No Delay Is Feared.

"I don't see that there is the slightest danger of any serious inconvenience to the city because of any delay of the appropriations ordinance," said the mayor.

"Such delay would inconvenience a great many officials and employes and would hamper the departments, but, unfortunately, the city has been so often subjected to such delays that we have learned to accustom ourselves to them."

None of the accused councilmen has announced whether he intends to exercise his functions as a member of councils while the charges are pending.

A Ship 1,100 Years Old.

Manchester Guardian.

An interesting communication has been made to the French Academie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres by M. Gabriel Gustafson, curator of the Christiania museum, concerning the recent discovery in Norway of a viking funeral ship at least 1,100 years old. Its mortuary chamber contained the bodies of two women, who, judging from the size of the craft and the elaborateness of its appointments, evidently belonged to some noble and wealthy family. The vessel, which is 70 feet long and 16 feet 6 inches broad, was dug out of a tumulus 2½ miles from the shore on the farm of Oseberg, near Tomsberg. The treasure was not intact. At some remote period, probably hundreds of years ago, it had been unearthed by unscrupulous visitors, who had pillaged the mortuary chamber of many of the curious relics undoubtedly deposited there in accordance with ancient Norse traditions. But in other parts of the ship, which had apparently escaped the notice of the sacrilegious intruders, was found a large and extremely valuable collection of historic remains, including a four-wheeled chariot, richly and quaintly decorated; four sledges, three of them curiously carved; several beds, a spinning wheel and a variety of kitchen utensils. Diligent examination of these had led to the conclusion that the funeral ship belongs to the ninth century. One theory is that the second woman was a slave, condemned to accompany her mistress to her last sleep. Many of the ornaments, mostly of carved wood, are unique. The ship and its strange cargo, constituting one of the most important archeological finds ever made in Scandinavia, will, after being carefully restored, be placed in the Christiania museum.

Prophecy.

Maud—"Belle doesn't wear French heels any more. Her husband won't let her."

Ethel—"I said she would lower herself by marrying him."

TAKES A BATH IN FIRE

Psychic Demonstrator Vanishes in Air.

Boston, Dec. 24.—Bathing in flame and vanishing at will, Fred E. Foskett, a young machinist of Orange, Mass., gave an exhibition of a remarkable psychic power that astounded Professor James, of Harvard, and other leading members of the Boston branch of the American Society for Psychical Research who put him through a series of thrilling tests.

The first of the tests was held at the home of Prescott F. Hall. Professor William James and several well known physicians were there, and test conditions as nearly perfect as possible were made. Foskett was seated in the center of a room before a small table.

On the table was an ordinary kerosene lamp with a chimney and a flat wick, a pan and several quarts of alcohol. Foskett lighted half a dozen matches one after the other, holding them with one hand so close to the fingers of the other that the flames curled around them.

He then lighted the lamp and held his hands above the wick, while the flames curled over them and the soot completely blackened them.

From one of these tests to another Foskett went, while the scientists held their breath and watched every motion, until he came to the climax. In this he poured a quart of alcohol into the basin, lighted it and then washed his hands, bathing them for nearly ten minutes in the burning fluid, washing it up over his arms and to his face—literally bathing himself in blazing alcohol.

The physicians present examined Foskett, and they could find not the slightest trace of burn or blister. Foskett told them that the flames did not give him the slightest sensation of burning, that he felt comfortably warm and pleasant, and nothing more.

The second tests were made at the home of Professor James, in Cambridge, and under the same conditions as the day before. Considerable mystery is thrown about them. Mr. Hall said they were so startling that he did not care to discuss them until they had been tried again. Another scientist who was there said that Foskett performed all of the experiments of the day before, and then "absolutely and positively dematerialized."

"He seemed to dissolve into thin air as we watched him. He was gone forty-one seconds and then materialized. It was so startling that we, I am afraid, lost sight of the test conditions, and we have asked him to appear before us again. It seems unbelievable, but it certainly was so. We hardly know what to think of it."

According to those who were present, Foskett seems in a passive state during the tests, and he says he thinks of nothing in particular. Those who examined him discredit the hypnotic theory. They believe he has some latent psychic force that never has been studied.

NEGLECT RIFLE WORK

Military Schools Inspected by Government.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 26.—What are the schools, colleges and universities of the United States doing in the way of military training for the American youth? is a question in which the war department is interested. Approximately 100 institutions of learning have attached to them army officers on either the active or retired list.

Most of the colleges and universities receiving government aid pay attention to their military department, but few are equipped for rifle practice, on which the department is growing more insistent. Again and again the inspectors report the absence of rifle ranges out of doors, and the poor facilities for indoor practice, as well as the antiquated rifles with which the students are supplied. As an example of the conditions prevailing the case of a southern college may be cited. This institution receives an annual appropriation of $51,146. It has no gallery range, but has an outdoor range available at 200 and 300 yards, but has only one target for its 570 students.

Another southern institution receives government support to the extent of $58,800, and $250 is allowed to the military department, in which 126 students are enrolled, composing a battalion with three companies. Of these 112 fired at 200 yards; 60 per cent at 300 yards; 30 per cent at 500 yards and 5 per cent at skirmish. Twelve students qualified as marksmen, or at a higher grade.

It is believed that as a result of the thorough inspections several institutions will have difficulty in securing the assignment of officers for their military departments.

PASTOR CUTS THROAT

N. D. Minister Found Dead in Pool of Blood.

Fargo, N. D., Dec. 28.—The dead body of the Rev. Robert C. Dougherty, whose congregation had assembled for the regular Sabbath services at the Congregational church at Buchanan, N. D., was found yesterday by a searching party in Mr. Dougherty's apartments. The minister was found lying in a pool of his own blood, a razoir still grasped in his hand. A rambling note half explaining the deed was found on a table.

BREWERS TOO POOR

New York, eDc. 28.—Brewers have informed the 10,000 bartenders in the saloons in Manhattan and the Bronx that thae usual New Year's gift of $25 and an order for a hat—a custom in vogue for more than twenty years—will not be made this year.

For this gift the bartenders were expected to push the particular beer of the brewery concern which so favored them. The reason given for stopping the gift this year is that the beer business is not what it used to be and the profits are smaller.

The Romance of Malvern Hill

Washington Post.

With the burning of Malvern Hill, another of Virginia's historic manors passes to the generations which filled it with life and bbauty. It was a noble old house, was Malvern Hill, facing with scarred but undaunted front the battle fires of three wars—to receive its doom at last, so it appears, from the hands of a careless servant. But such an unheroic end has often been the fate of great men and of great houses. Attila, the Scourge of God, died from the bursting of a tiny blood vessel in his nose while he slept, and the kick of a cow set all Chicago burning. The old Virginia manse fell as the early martyrs fell, still glorious amid the flames.

Malvern Hill was built in 1688 by one of the Randolphs, who was afterward a governor of Virginia. It was a typical colonial mansion, spacious, overlooking the James, built for the pleasure of a generation of gentlemen. It was one of a chain of noble houses that adorn the north bank of the river from Richmond to Warwick, and which have stood in the thick of more history and great deeds than any in the western hemisphere. Washington knew Malvern Hill right well, Jefferson and Mason and Marshall, the Randolphs, the Carters, and the Lees have all danced the minuet or bent their powdered wigs over fair ladies' hands within its halls. During the campaign before Yorktown it was the headquarters of the gallant young Frenchman, Marquis de Lafayette.

But its chief claim to fame in the annals of Virginia, perhaps, is its prominence in the civil war. Malvern Hill saw the last of the seven days' battles around Richmond in 1862. Beginning with Gen. Lee's attack on McClellan, at Oak Grove on the eve of June 25, the Federal army was steadily driven in a half circle around the city. Mechanicsville, Gaines Mill, and Savages Station nearly demoralized the Union forces, and their retreat down the James river toward Yorktown, accelerated by the bloody attacks at White Oak Swamp and Frayser's farm, threatened to become a rout. Another crushing blow, and McClellan's army might never have been an army again. But at Malvern Hill the Federals stood. Gens. D. H. Hill, Magruder, and Armistead tried to carry their strong position by storm. They were bloodily repulsed; somebody had blundered, perhaps the great Lee himself; and Malvern Hill, storm center of the bloody fire, saw the Federals continue their successful retreat and the victorious tide of the Confederacy checked. Save after Chancellorsville, possibly, it never rose so high again.

There are not many of those historic houses of the Peninsula left to Virginia. Shirley and Berkeley yet remain, troubled with the echoes of haughty Carters and Harrisons now dead and gone; Wythe House and Monk's Hill, Brandon and Varina still defy the lightnings and the tooth of time, but the ranks of the stately manors of colonial days are sadly thinning. Virginia will never see their architectural like again. They were as distinctive of their time as the proud figures who peopled them. Men sicken, die, and turn to dust, but the great houses built by their hands may outlast a dynasty.

An Odd Telegraph Line.

Chicago News.

What a writer calls "the most original telegraph line in the world" once extended between the city of La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, and the town of Oruro. In this part of Bolivia there are no growing trees, and wood is so difficult to procure that even the ordinary household furniture of the natives is invariably made not of wood but of dried mud, or adobe, as it is called. When the war broke out in 1880 between Chile and Bolivia this material was used to construct pillars to take the place of ordinary posts for supporting telegraph wire, with the addition of old bottles as insulators. These pillars were subsequently built on stone foundations, and measured about five feet square on the base, with a height of about fifteen feet. They were placed at intervals of about 361 feet, and thus held the wire at a height sufficient to clear the only animals of the country, the llama and donkey. The total length of the line was 156 miles, and it rendered useful service for some ten years before being replaced by the ordinary wooden telegraph pole line.

BIBLIOPHILES AND BIBLIOPHILES

The publication in the London Times and the New York Times of an account of the library of J. Pierpont Morgan has naturally excited wide interest, partly because the library itself is extraordinary, more because Mr. Morgan is generally regarded as a financier rather than a bibliophile.

To the world which sees the man chiefly as a power in Wall street, it is surprising to find a side of him devoted to the pursuit of manuscripts, tall copies, and first editions in immaculate condition. And yet it is probable that Mr. Morgan's reputation fifty years from now will rest almost wholly on his career as a patron of art and a bibliophile. His reorganization of railways and the formation of the United States Steel Corporation, the heavy labor of his strenuous days, will be clean forgotten; while the fruit of his recreations, of his hours for play, will keep his memory green, at least in the world of art and letters.

His name will be entered on that shining roll of connoisseurs and collectors concerning whom each generation shows fresh curiosity. When the John Hill Burton of the late twentieth century writes a new Book Hunter, he will devote a long chapter to the exploits of Mr. Morgan; and the Langs and the Dobsons of that new day will enshrine him in their verse along with Heber and De Thou.

And the world will be right in ranking the collector above the financier; for the financiers are many and the bibliophiles few. In his Books and Bookmen, Andrew Lang speaks of "the famous collectors who make a kind of catena (a golden chain of bibliophiles) through the centuries since printing was invented." To secure a place in this distinguished line—it might almost be called royal—is a greater achievement than to found a billion dollar corporation. The equipment of the successful financier is chiefly energy and a clear hard head, but your successful collector must have something which cannot be bought by telegraphic order—taste and literary judgment.

Morgan as a Type.

Mr. Morgan, of course—and we take his name as a type—must consult experts; he cannot be expected to know all about illuminated missals in all tongues and to remember all the various title-pages of the first edition of Paradise Lost; but he must know where the facts are to be had. And without some controlling and guiding mind, itself informed and cultivated, even the largest heap of gold will buy nothing but a heap of expensive volumes—not a really fine library. Then, too, with your accomplished collector education goes hand-in-hand with acquisition, and to have gathered a notable lot of books is to have become something of a scholar in this field. More instructive than any description of Mr. Morgan's library would be his own story of the process of getting it—his outlay of time and energy and money in familiarizing himself with the world of books, his costly mistakes, in short, that long series of lessons, that training in discrimination and connoisseurship, which experience alone can afford. And from the point of view of the collector, this experience, vexing as it may often have been, is really the best part of it all. To have and to handle the books is pleasant; but keener still are the joys of pursuit, the disappointments from which one recovers, the losses ultimately turned into gains, the failures that become successes, the ignorance that is the beginning of wisdom.

But these delights, this edification, are to be had without a fortune. A man with a very modest income can, in a limited range, make himself an expert, and by watching his chances can pick up a collection of books that will represent a considerable expenditure, if not of cash, at least of intelligence and taste. The world of the book collector is wide, and even a small corner of it assiduously cultivated may yield a rich return in instruction and pleasure. Collecting American authors is a pastime that attracts a number of Americans; but the Victorian poets and novelists, or the writers of the early Nineteenth century in England, or of the Eighteenth or the Seventeenth, offer abundant material that is intrinsically interesting and valuable as literature.

In French literature—as in Italian, Spanish or German—the opportunities are equally numerous, and a man who would supplement a good general library with one or two specialties, so to speak, need never be at a loss for an agreeable hobby. Nor is it necessary for the collector to possess that last rare item in his particular line. If you are looking for American authors, your set of Hawthorne may be very interesting without "Fanshawe" (1828) in the original boards, uncut; and in that striking group of Englishmen of the early Nineteenth century Lamb's King and Queen of Hearts (1805), with the pink paper covers dated 1806, is not indispensable; nor is Shelley's Address to the Irish People (1812.) The collector with a good fortune—in both senses of the word—may attain these heights, but far short of them happiness may be found.

Book Associations.

For it must be remembered that the interest in an old book often lies, not so much in its absolute rarity as in the associations connected with it. In this respect it is like an old house or an old city, rendered venerable and fascinating by long human occupation. The handsome new reprint, fresh from the press, may be an admirable example of the book-manufacturer's art, but it lacks the charm of a volume which had gladdened the eyes of several generations of readers and perhaps bears upon its leaves some trace of their appreciation. We know a man who once bought for a mere trifle the Memoirs of Gibbon, edited by Lord Sheffield (1827), and on a fly-leaf discovered, to his surprise, Scott's autograph, entirely overlooked by the bookseller. Who would not regard Scott's copy of Gibbon's life as more entertaining than any other? But even when the former owner is a nobody or is unknown, we cannot remain wholly indifferent to him; for is he not an intellectual brother, a sharer of our likes and dislikes? May we not almost visualize his face and touch hands with him across the dim centuries? For us, at least, the most attractive volumes of the old essayists are those of the Lounger, by Henry Mackenzie, "the Northern Addison"—and all because our set of the Lounger, not a first edition, was once owned, as a delicate signature on the title attests, by "Barbara Cockayne." Could such delicious vocables describe any but the most gracious figure of womanhood? Who was Barbara Cockayne? We do not know. For a hundred years, doubtless, her bones have lain forgotten in some quiet English churchyard. But these were once Barbara Cockayne's books; and the yellowing pages render us oblivious to Christopher North's savage cut at "Old M." as "the greatest nuisance that ever infested any Magazine." And here even the thinnest humor, pathos, and moralizing must still appeal to all who, like the youth of whom Stevenson tells us, are moved by love of lovely names.—New York Evening Post.

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HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

Heavenly Father, we thy children
Bow before thy throne of light,
Asking thee to watch us ever,
And to keep us in the right.

MONDAY

Don't worry if you cannot have
The world as you desire;
But try to make the best of life
And happiness inspire.

TUESDAY

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast,
That found the coming daylight sweet
And left to Heaven the rest.

WEDNESDAY

This is the first secret of a happy life—count your blessings.

THURSDAY

Don't rehearse your miseries—rehearse your mercies, and you will be amazed at the effect of the contemplation on your own mind, and of the recital on the minds and hearts of others.

FRIDAY

I learn as the years roll onward,
And leave the past behind,
That much I have counted sorrow
But proves that our God is kind.

SATURDAY

'Tis smiles that drive away life's gloom,
And not sad worriment,
So let our lives in happiness,
Not discontent, be spent.

WHEN THE YEAR IS YOUNG

ELIZABETH AYRES

Fades the rose; the year grows old;
The tale is told;
Youth doth depart—
Only stays the heart.

Oh, no! if stays the heart,
Youth can ne'er depart,
Nor the sweet tale be told—
Never the rose fade, nor the year grow old.

—Richard Watson Gilder.

"A Happy New Year!"

These are kindly, well-wishing words which bring a glow to the heart and the quick response to the lips: "I wish you the same and many of them."

It is true they are the conventional sayings of the season, but they are sayings which age cannot wither or rob of the spirit which prompts their utterance. When the old year goes out and the new comes in, this is the first thought that arises, and its message is repeated and repeated, until, if the voices that speak it were assembled they would resound from ocean to ocean in a vast and mighty chorus.

"A happy New Year!"

"The same to you, and many of them."

When the year is young, it is as if we stood before an open door which leads to a road as yet untrodden. We should not linger at the threshold to waste time in gazing backward. The past, with its mistakes, its failures, its sins and its follies, is done with. We have finished with the yesterdays, except to take their lessons home, in order to have a better tomorrow.

"Turning over a new leaf" and "swearing off" are the jesting terms applied to New Year resolutions. It does not matter what they are called, or how much they are laughed at, they are good things to make, and serve as evidence that hearts are stirred with the wish for better endeavor, and that courage is stimulated by the opportunity to try again. We never stand still. We either retrograde or move onward, and there is none who, if given the choice, would not choose to move onward. We may guide our own destiny in this matter. We cannot always rule material things, but we can, if we will, be masters of our minds and spirits, and with a mastery of these, we are well equipped to meet life's battles.

To say, "I am one year stronger," instead of "I am one year older;" to keep to the sunny side of the road and to lift others out of its shadows; to go into the busy world and love it; to be interested in its life, and to mingle kindly with its joys and sorrows; to keep young in heart—these are resolutions which will awaken a hopeful spirit and enable one to spring to life's tasks with energy.

The beginning of the new year is the parting of the ways, and it is not a time for sad reflections. Beginnings and sadness should never go together. A new enterprise, unless it is backed with hope, is destined to disaster, and so, when the New Year dawns, welcome it hopefully, build on the possibilities of the future, and be not dismayed by past failures or unsatisfactory conditions.

Wish for yourself as well as others "A happy New Year," and believe that your wish will come true.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage, and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

GOD BLESS YOU!

By B. McM. Bell.

God bless you—'tis a homely phrase.
It brings the smiles, it brings the tears,
It holds the hopes of other days,
The joys of other years.

The pain of parting, and the bliss
Of happy hearts on homing wing,
The warmth of the returning kiss,
The clasp of arms that closely cling.

God bless you—Ah, the blood runs warm
When dear lips breathe the prayer sincere.
God keep you safe from hurt or harm!
God bless you through the year!

—The January Housekeeper.

GOOD ADVICE

I sympathize with Brown Eyes from the East, as I think I know all about her troubles. I have been along the road, and am still in the wellworn path, but it is not so hard as it used to be, or else the years have taught me how to travel it better. The trouble with her is probably just this: She has more to do than any one pair of hands can possibly manage, and do right and with justice to herself. Thousands of women are situated just as she is. It needs a wise head, a prayerful heart and a great deal of love for one's family to give courage for the battle, for it is, indeed, a battle, no matter what some may think.

Few women possess the strength necessary to do all that needs doing about the house without overtaxing the nerves and undermining the health. When I had two children to work for I thought I had all I could do, but ten years ago, when the third one came, I still made a strenuous effort to keep things going as usual. I ended in a collapse which nearly resulted in nervous prostration. First, I began to repair my health, then I thought it all over, and decided it was really a greater kindness to my children to see that they had a mother through the years of their childhood than a spotless home and clean and dainty clothes. Of course, I think they should be kept as clean as possible, especially their little bodies, but the dresses and hands and faces cannot always be kept clean if they are healthy and active as children should be.

I soon took up the old burden again, but many times, instead of seeing how much I could get done, I would see if something could be left undone, and no one be the worse for it.

Try to lighten the burden of cooking; it is such hard work and takes so much time. Good, plain, wholesome food always well cooked is better for a family than the so-called dainties, and is far less trouble to prepare. Try washing this way: Monday evening fill the boiler half full of water, add one-half cake of soap, cut fine, and two tablespoonfuls of coal oil. Put in the best white clothes, stir well, and before going to bed set the boiler on the stove. In the morning, while it is heating, you can do your work. It will take an hour or so to begin to boil. Stir often and let boil fifteen or twenty minutes, then take up and refill just the same for the next boilerful. I use the suds left for rubbing the colored clothes. I rinse the clothes in clear water, then in blue water, and they never smell of the oil. I like this way better than any way I have ever tried. It is easier than using a washing machine, and the clothes are cleaner than I can rub them.

Ironing is the next problem, and a hard one, too. Try to prepare one day as many articles as you think you can iron the next, but do not iron all day; it is too hard for any one. Plan a boiled or baked dinner, something which will not take much time to prepare, and some time during the day dampen the rest of the clothes for the next day. An ordinary ironing should not require more than two days. I have five girls to iron for, so I have had some experience along that line. As soon as they were old enough I let them help. Children love to iron, and now they do nearly all of it. I am afraid my letter is too long now, but I want to say this much more: Always do the best you can, and if you cannot do just as you want to let it pass, and above all things don't worry. When things look uncommonly dark and you cannot see your way out, just remember: "This, too, shall pass away." Try to go out in the open air whenever you can. Try to be cheerful. Never neglect the little ones, for they are far more important than your work, and it will only be a little while until you will wish, with tears, that you could have them back again just as they are now. An old darky once told me when mine were all small, "You'se eatin' yo' white bread now," and I know she was right.—Betty A. Jewel.

HER THANKFULNESS

Someway I overlooked the request for Thanksgiving letters until too late, but now, though our national Thanksgiving day has come and gone, I should like to express my thanks for a few of the many blessings which I enjoy. I often write what I call Thanksgiving letters to my friends, and the Lord abundantly blesses me for so doing.

I think we should be thankful to our Father for the gift of his Son, "for God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And I thank Him for the Holy Spirit, most sacred of the heavenly trio, and for his written word—the waybill from earth to heaven. As I look back over my past life, I am made to rejoice because of the divine guidance that has been given me through His word, spirit and providences.

This season I feel thankful for the sustaining grace that has been granted me during a year of great trial. And now come to my mind the words of the old hymn:

When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flames shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

So, of course, I must be thankful for the trials as they are sent for a good purpose. I have proved that in time of trial it is best to give thanks.

Another thing for which I am especially grateful is the kindness of the faithful few who have stood by me and lent me assistance. I could mention a number of other things for which I am thankful, but I shall only add, I am learning to thank Him for all that He sends, whether it be open blessings, or those in disguise.

Vina C., I think your letter excellent. How pleasant to know we have been kind to some one who has passed into eternity!

Somebody's Dearie, I share your opinions in regard to success.

Sometime I shall come again and tell you of my mountain home.—Agnes.

FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

As I take an interest in reading the letters, I will write a few lines, thinking someone might like to hear from this part of the country. I live in Hyde county, North Carolina, within half a mile of Lake Madomskete, where there are many wild geese and ducks. We can hear the sound of the geese in the winter months when they are feeding, and I enjoy hearing and seeing them. I am a farmer and hunt a little. I am married and have a boy three years old. My mother lives with us, and my wife and I do most of the work. We have made a very sorry crop for the past three years, and the county has made hardly enough to be self-sustaining. Wishing much success to the Cozy Corner. —A. F. Rose.

A BUSY WORKER

I am a West Virginia farmer's wife. We live on a farm of 150 acres. I raise turkeys, chickens and geese; milk five cows and feed six calves. This is how I run my work. I do not do much on Sunday. Monday morning my husband is up at 5 o'clock and builds the fire. I get breakfast at six, then milk, mix light bread, wash dishes, churn, feed poultry and sweep. All is done by half past eight o'clock. Then I go to other work, such as weaving carpet, hoeing in the garden or helping my husband. Tuesday I do the usual morning's tasks. Wednesday, after milking, I put on the wash water. When the morning's work is done, I am ready to wash. At half past ten I start dinner, which we have at half past eleven. The next day I iron and scrub. I bake every other day, and churn every day except Sunday. From the first of April to the first of October I sell from 20 to 25 pounds of butter per week.

I do not play very much or visit any, but I go to Sunday school every Sunday as long as the school lasts. I am the mother of four children, three girls and one boy. The ages of my girls range from nine to fifteen. My boy was the oldest. He has gone from this world to a home in heaven. He was teaching school and came home sick with typhoid fever. I did not know what the trouble was until he was called away. He was in his eighteenth year. You dear Cozy Corner people may not know how hard it is to part with your only boy, but I know that we shall see him again. I will sign my name as I feel.—A Bereaved Mother.

THE MOTHS AND THE JEWELS

Garnets, January's gems, mean "Victory and Power;"

February Amethysts rule sweet "Affection's" hour;

March with Jaspers decorates those who are "Wise and Bold;"

April's deep-blue sapphires reign where "Truth" is bravely told;

Chalcedonies belong to May; their message is "Good Cheer;"

The Emeralds of June declare "Immortal Life" is clear;

July claims Diamond's "Purity"—freedom from spot or stain;

August's sky, blue turquoises, stand for "Worldly Gain."

September's Chrysolites proclaim: "Hope ever for the best;"

The Beryls of October tell of "Happiness and Rest."

November's glowing Topazes are types of "Faithful Friends,"

December's blood-red Rubies sing: "God's power never ends."

—Tudor Jenks, in Harper's Bazar.

CONTRIBUTED RECIPES

From Mrs. L. of Monroeville, Ohio, are the following "home grown" recipes:

Spice Chocolate Cake—Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sour milk, four eggs, saving the whites of two for frosting, two cups of flour, one-half teaspoonful (each) of several kinds of ground spices, two squares of chocolate. Melt the chocouate and stir in the cake. Bake in layer or loaf.

Dried Apple Cake—One cup of brown sugar, one cup of molasses, two cups of buttermilk, four cups of flour, ten tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two teaspoonfuls of soda, cinnamon, cloves or nutmeg, two cups of dried apples. Soak the apples, but do not let them get very soft. Chop them, though not very fine. Put the apples and molasses together and simmer on the back of the stove until the molasses is thick. This answers for part of the fruit, or all apples, raisins, or currants may be used if preferred.

From Mrs. Joseph A. Pullin is this recipe which, she writes, is "the cheapest and best dark cake on record"—Half a cup each of sugar, molasses and butter. A teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and ginger. Dissolve two teaspoonfuls of soda in a cup of boiling water, and stir with other ingredients. Add two and a half cups of flour and one cup of old-fashioned black walnut meats. Ice with frosting made of one cup of sugar, one-third of a cup of water, boiled together until when dopped in water a soft ball forms. Let it cool to a lukewarm temperature, then beat and spread on the cake.

S. Michigan writes: "Here is a recipe for delicious cake filling"—Chop or grind hickory nut meats and stir them into sweetened whipped cream. Other nuts may be used, but hickory are the best. She suggests, also, that in making pumpkin pies, while eggs are so scarce, to try stirring into the pumpkin before the milk is put in, a teaspoonful of corn starch for every egg that is omitted.

Mrs. J. De Clercq sends this rule for making tomato soup—One can of tomatoes, or when they are in season, about six good-sized tomatoes, stewed in a pint of water ten minutes. Then add a third of a teaspoonful of baking soda. After it has foamed, put in one quart of milk, and season with salt, pepper, and a piece of butter, as for oyster soup. When it comes to a boil add a few crackers and serve.

Salted almonds—Cover one-fourth of a pound of almonds with boiling water, and let stand two minutes. Drain, put into cold water, and rub off the skins. Then dry between towels. Put one-third of a cupful of olive oil or melted butter, in a small sauce pan. When hot, put in one-third of the almonds, and fry until delicately browned, stirring to keep constantly in motion during the cooking. Remove with a spoon or small skimmer, taking up as little oil as possible. Drain on brown paper, and sprinkle with salt. Repeat until all of the almonds are fried.

CARMEN SYLVA'S IRON CROWN

In that paradoxical little country of Roumania, Queen Carmen Sylva and her husband sit securely on their throne, while other monarchs know not what the next day will bring forth. In the Housekeeper for December, Carmen tells the story of how she obtained the famous iron crown, and the famous coronation scene.

"Can you wonder that our coronation was a sad ceremony when I tell you that in those days there was famine and fever in the land, and terrible drouth? Bare fields and empty treasury, with an enemy only just turned from our gates—here were no conditions for a joyous pageant.

"Every little village commune sent its starost and elders to the coronation—nearly seven thousand superb specimens of Roumanian peasantry, dark-eyed and muscular; immensely picturesque too, in snow-white linen, richly embroidered in many-colored silks. I wore pale yellow satin, embroidered all over with gold, and on my head a diadem of pearls, from which depended a long white filmy veil, like those you see in old church pictures. Around me stood my ladies and maids of honor, most of them wearing the order I had given them for services rendered in nursing during the war.

"All night the crowns had lain in the cathedral, heaped about with flags and watched by a guard of honor. And now they were brought on big red velvet cushions to the palace and laid before us. First, King Charles made a little speech, and then stretched out his hand toward the now famous iron circlet.

"But if the people thought he would place it on his head they were mistaken. He held it far out from him as though to say, 'I crown my people, rather than myself.' And then he bade me do the same. Whereupon a storm of enthusiasm arose and spread to the crowd in the street below, where it was taken up by hundreds of thousands of joyous voices.

"I fear I was somewhat sad that day. Remember, I had just lain my only child to rest in the earth, and could not help thinking how her little heart would have rejoiced had she but lived to see this day. Our young nephews stood beside us upon the dais that all might see the heirs to the throne. For the existence of such appears to be as important in a monarchy as in a beehive!

"I never see our iron crown resting on its velvet cushion in the throne-room without pondering the instrument of death out of which it was made and which has, in this strange, poetic way, been converted into a sacred pledge of unity and freedom. How often have I traced the genesis of that cannon from its birthplace in Krupp's great works in Essen to Constantinople, where it served the Turks so terribly well.

CARMEN SYLVA, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

"Nor must I forget to tell you that the officers who had taken the cannon had a girdle made for me out of a piece of the metal to commemorate the event. And on that coronation day also our officers' wives set up a marble group in the antechamber of the throne room. It represented a wounded soldier to whose lips I am holding a cup of water. And so none may enter our palace without being reminded of "brave Roumanian warriors who fell far from their hearths and homes defending their country from the invader."

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can
In all the ways you can
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

There have been a great many good letters on the subject under discussion but I will send a few suggestions, which, if followed, I think will lead us far on the road to success.

Be not afraid to work, and dilligently, too, with your own hands. Accomplish what you undertake. Never be mean; rather give than take the odd shilling. Never postpone till tomorrow what can be done today. Honesty is not only the best policy, but the only policy. Commence at the first round and keep climbing. Make your word as good as your bond. Seek knowledge to plan, enterprise to execute. Honesty governs all. Time is money. Reckon the hours of the day as so many dollars. Make few promises. Keep your secrets. Live within your income. Sobriety above all things.

Luck is a word that does not apply to successful men. Not too much caution. Slow but sure is the thing. The highest monuments are built piece by piece. Step by step we mount the pyramids. Be bold, be resolute when clouds gather. Self-confidence, self-reliance are your capital. Never be oversanguine, but do not underrate your own abilities. Don't be discouraged. Ninety-nine may say no, the hundredth one yes. Keep good company and lean on yourself in your daily walks through life, and I think you may be sure of success.—Augusta Hay.

I have always been interested in the circle and its work, and have enjoyed many of the good letters written on various subjects, but the subject of success has interested me more than any other, so I am going to send you my ideas on it, from which I hope you will obtain some good.

To succeed in any one thing is the fulfillment of one's desires and ambitions in that one thing to make a success of life seems to be very different for at times we aspire to succeed in things that are not best for us.

A successful life to me would be achieved by fulfilling God's purpose for us on earth; by living our noble thoughts, impulses and ambitions; by bringing out all the good that is in our natures; by trying in every way to conquer the bad; by learning the secret of happiness in God's love; by loving the good and nature's beauties; by striving after things more noble than the satisfaction of our vanity. And by our whole conduct leaving at our death a living monument of the good influence of our lives.—Ambition.

It has been a long while since I have written to the column, and the thought comes to me, "How soon we are forgotten in this hurrying, bustling life." We step out; our places are filled; the tide of humanity rushes on and we soon cease to be missed or remembered.

The Blade has been a weekly visitor in our home since before our column came into existence. I think I have the paper giving the names of the charter members. And the changes that have come to the M. G. R. ranks! My mind often goes back to the time when we began to read the letters, and I recall many old familiar names and many pleasant things connected with our circle.

Not only have changes come in our column, but many have come into the life and surroundings of the writer. When we first made a friend of the dear old Blade, our home circle was unbroken. We were all here. Then came a break and a link was missing when our sister passed into the Beyond. Several years rolled by, and another link was missing when our father crossed the Dark River.

The whole responsibility of home and farm was thrown upon the shoulders of Brunette. Imagine, if you can, what a load that was for one to carry. Four years more rolled away, and then came a third break in the circle. Our dear mother, who had been an invalid for years, was called up higher.

When night comes and all is silent we feel very lonely indeed, with no one in our home except sister and I. So we see that changes come in all things, and that into each one's life some sorrow must fall. Like Uncle Sam, I left off my chosen work to do my home duties, and I feel that I did the right thing, and that I have borne the burden as bravely as I could. While I have not so many dollars to my account as I might have had I done otherwise, I have an inward consciousness of having done my duty for my parents.

Why not have a reunion of our members like we used to have? I wish each and every one a Happy New Year.—Brunette.

As I have not seen a letter from Oregon in The Blade for a long time, I thought you might like to hear from someone in this state. This is the eastern part of Oregon, in Umatilla county. It is a fine farming country, and it is a beautiful sight to stand upon some high elevation of land and see for miles around great fields of grain. Of course, other things thrive here, but grain is the most important production.

We live on a homestead up in the mountains and have about forty or fifty cattle and some horses. My sister and I have three saddle horses apiece, which we ride every day. We ride after the cattle and round them up just like cowboys. We enjoy it very much. We have a great many friends, and they call us the cowboy girls. I guess we deserve the title, for we rope wild horses and ride them. We like to break horses, and people tell us we will get killed, but we are not dead yet, and it is fun for us. Will tell you more next time. With best wishes to all, we are—The Oregon Sisters.

In connection with the picture of the bright, pretty baby which adorns our column today we have this from her mother: "New England Girl has heard her name called and hastens to answer, bringing her excuse for not coming before. She came to live with us on the ninth of the past June and we have named her Laura Frances Ballard. Now isn't she just the dearest, sweetest, little excuse that ever was? The picture was taken when she was three months old.—New England Girl."

LAURA FRANCES BALLARD.

MAKING BIRDS INTO FRIENDS

Two years ago, in the fall of 1906, I began feeding the winter birds, since which time I have been amply repaid for all labor involved by the constant companionship of the little feathered folk and by their increasing confidence in and dependence upon the source of their many benefits; for heat or cold, rain or snow, storm or sunshine, they have always found both meat and drink in my sky parlor. Having gained information in every available way concerning the food required for different varieties of birds, I offered them all sorts, but have learned from experience that for the winter birds a supply of peanuts, sunflower seeds, cracked corn, millet and canary seed, together with suet, salt pork and raw meat bones meet all requirements.

As the downy woodpecker and white-breasted nuthatch were partial to roasted peanuts I first supplied them with trays full of unshelled nuts. These they would carry off in their bills and pound open in some crevice of a tree or building. Realizing how much more pleasure I could derive from the feeding process if the nuts were cracked open close at hand, I devised the following method of compelling the birds to stay near me.

With a darning needle and a long piece of twine I strung peanuts by the yard as a child makes a daisy chain. This chain of peanuts I twined very securely about a cedar pole which leans against the siding with the base resting upon the tin roof, making it impossible for the birds to carry away the nuts. The food is tied to the table. So, day after day, and month after month, the woodpeckers and nuthatches sit close by me pounding out their meals, forgetting to be afraid. In a surprisingly short time after the food is arranged on this table every shell will be empty and a new peanut chain must take the place of the old one. In this manner I have strung bushels of peanuts, for some of the birds are constant eaters and a quart of nuts is soon devoured.

Other winter birds that frequent the free lunch counter are chickadees, juncos, English and tree sparrows, and on rare occasions the brown creepers and golden-crowned kinglets. For these I made other provision than for the woodpeckers and nuthatches. On the cedar pole I fastened suet, salt pork, and meat bones, and it was very amusing to watch the birds go from one titbit to another, tasting each with keenest relish. A fresh piece of suet was cause for great rejoicing in the bird world and often before it was securely fastened to the pole a woodpecker would drop from a tree to the siding ready to begin operations the minute my hand was off the pole.

Attached to the siding are trays for cracked corn and seeds, a bird house, a bowl for water, bunches of dried bittersweet and woodbine berries, and a fresh cocoanut with an opening in the side to allow the birds partial to cocoanut to go in and out.

On the roof about the platform cracked corn is scattered for the birds which continue shy. On the table, close to my chair, there is always a tray of shelled peanuts, broken into bits, for the little chickadees whose bills are not fashioned to crack open nuts, but who love nothing so well as a bit of peanut roasted to a tempting brown. It is curious how these birds will select the light brown first, absolutely refusing the burnt shades. The man who roasts peanuts for chickadees should be an expert.

From the stand it was a simple matter to transfer the tray to my lap, the peanuts to my hand, and in that way tame the birds, for "everywhere the peanuts went the 'dee' was sure to go."

The nuthatches also eat out of my hand, but with some timidity. Early last fall one young nuthatch would creep up my dress skirt from the floor to my knee, helping himself to the shelled peanuts from the tray in my lap.

Of course, I love the chickadees best. Though his cheery "chicka-dee-dee-dee" always brightens the darkest day of winter, his two clear high notes of melting sweetness seem to me the most beautiful call in the bird realm. To some bird lovers it says "Phoebe," "Come sweet," but to me it means "Look up," "Cheer up," "Take heart," "Hear me."

When the chickadee eats he holds his bit of nut grasped between claw and perch, owl fashion, taking infinitesimal bites till not a morsel remains. Often the nut will drop from his claws, but he will dart down like an arrow and catch it in his bill before it reaches the ground. Sometimes the chickadee will sit on my hand while I hoid the nut tightly for him between my fingers. Between bites he looks so intelligently and confidingly up into my face that I cannot but wonder what he thinks. Best of all he likes to perch on the edge of the tray or on a nearby branch, but never far away. When immediate wants are satisfied the chickadees keep busy flying back and forth, hiding the remaining morsels in convenient holes or cracks for future need, until the tray is emptied.—Caroline C. Williamson in Country Life in America.

THE POETS' CORNER

THE NEW YEAR

By George Cooper.

A song for the Old
While its knell is tolled,
And its parting moments fly!
But a song and a cheer
For the glad New Year,
While we watch the Old Year die!
Oh! its grief and pain
Ne'er can come again,
And its care lies buried deep;
But what joy untold
Doth the New Year hold,
And what hopes within it sleep!

A song for the Old,
While its knell is tolled,
And the friends it gave so true!
But, with hearts of glee,
Let us merrily
Welcome in the bright, bright New!
For the heights we gained,
For the good attained,
We will not the Old despise;
But a joy more sweet,
Making life complete,
In the golden New Year lies.

A song for the Old,
While its knell is tolled!
With a grander, broader zeal,
And a forward view,
Let us greet the New,
Heart and purpose ever leal!
Let the ills we met,
And the sad regret,
With the Old be buried deep;
For what joy untold
Doth the New Year hold,
And what hopes within it sleep!

THE GREEN FIELDS OF VIRGINIA

'Mid the green fields of Virginia,
In the vale of Shenandoah,
There's an ivy covered homestead that I love;
With its quaint old-fashioned chimney, and its simple homelike air,
'Twas the home of my dear parents, now above.
Though I'm living in a mansion grand,
With wealth at my command,
I'd give it all just for a single day,
To play with my young comrades and see my mother dear,
'Mid the green fields of Virginia far away.

CHORUS.

There's a peaceful cottage there,
A happy home so dear,
My heart is longing for it day by day,
Where I spent life's golden hours in the vale of Shenandoah,
'Mid the green fields of Virginia far away.

'Mid the green fields of Virginia,
Stands an old mill by the stream,
And I'd come to that old spot to sing and play,
Ah, how often would I throw the stones into that babbling brook,
And I dreamed some day 'twould carry me away.
Yes, the dream came true—one day in June I left the dear old home,
They told me mother's heart had broke that day;
Oh, if I could but see her, I'd lay me down and die,
'Mid the green fields of Virginia far away.

THE UNCLOUDED DAY

By J. K. Alwood.

Oh, they tell me of a home far beyond the skies,
Oh, they tell me of a home far away;
Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise,
Oh, they tell me of an unclouded day;
Oh, the land of cloudless day,
Oh, the land of an unclouded sky!
Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise,
Oh, they tell me of an unclouded day.

Oh, they tell me of a home where my friends have gone,
Oh, they tell me of that land far away;
Where the tree of life in eternal bloom,
Sheds its fragrance thro' the unclouded day;
Oh, the land of cloudless day,
Oh, the land of an unclouded sky;
Oh, they tell me of my friends by the tree of life,
In the land of the unclouded day.
Oh, they tell me of the king in his beauty there,
And they tell me that mine eyes shall behold
Where he sits on the throne that is whiter than snow,
In the city that is made of gold;
Oh, that land mine eyes shall see,
Oh, that land of an unclouded sky;
Oh, they tell me of the king on his snow-white throne,
In the land of the unclouded day.

Oh, they tell me that he smiles on his children there,
And his smiles drive their sorrows all away;
And they tell me that no tears ever come again,
In that lovely land of unclouded day;
Oh, that land of lovely smiles,
Oh, the smiles of his love-beaming eye;
Oh, the king in his beauty invites us there,
To that land of the unclouded day.

POEMS WANTED

Wanted: The words of a song beginning: "Fare-thee-well, but not forever. Sill we'll hope to meet again." The name of the author, and if the poem is dedicated to anyone, who is the person, are asked for also.

Who knows the rest of this: "Oh, Kansas land, dear Kansas land, as on the highest bank I stand."

Two poems which have long been wanted are The Blind Slave Boy, beginning, "Mother, O mother, why linger away"; and The Blind Boy, beginning, "Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy.

THE OLD BACHELORS' SALE

By Miss Davidson.

I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers,
And as fast as I dream'd, it was coined into numbers,
My thoughts ran along in such beautiful meter,
I'm sure I ne'er saw any poetry sweeter.

It seem'd that a law had been recently made
That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be laid,
And in order to make them all willing to marry,
The tax was as large as a man could well carry.

The bachelors grumbled and said 'twas no use,
'Twas horrid injustice and horrid abuse,
And declared that, to save their own hearts' blood from spilling,
Of such a vile tax they would not pay a shilling.

But the rulers determined them still to pursue,
So they set all the old bachelors up at vendue,
A crier was sent through the town to and fro,
To rattle his bell and his trumpet to blow,
And to call out to all he might meet in his way,
"Ho! forty old bachelors sold here today."

And presently all the old maids in the town,
Each in her very best bonnet and gown,
From thirty to sixty, fair, plain, red and pale,
Of every description, all flock'd to the sale.

The auctioneer then in his labor began,
And call'd out aloud, as he held up a man,
"How much for a bachelor? Who wants to buy?"
In a twink every lady responded, "I I!"
In short, at a highly extravagant price,
The bachelors were all sold off in a trice,
And forty old maidens—some younger, some older—
Each lugg'd an old bachelor home on her shoulder.

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE

By Alice Carey.

O, good painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw?
Ay? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and cornfields, a little brown,—
The picture must not be over-bright,
Yet all in the golden and gracious light
Of a cloud, when the summer Sun is down.

Alway and alway, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing-room
Under their tassels—cattle near,
Biting shorter the short green grass,
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around.—
(Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!)
These, and the house where I was born,
Low and little, and black and old,
With children, many as it can hold,
All the windows, open wide,—
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all ablush;
Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
Roses crowding the self-same way,
Out of a wilding, wayside bush.

Listen closer: When you have done
With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the Sun
Looked down upon, you must paint for me;
O, if I only could make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul, and the angel's face,
That are beaming on me all the while,
I need not speak these foolish words;
Yet one word tells you all I would say,—
She is my mother; you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee
You must paint, sir; one like me,
The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise:
At ten years old he went to sea,—
God knoweth if he be living now;
He sail'd in the good ship Commodore;
Nobody ever crossed her track
To bring us news, and she never came back.
Ah, 'tis twenty long years and more
Since that old ship went out of the bay
With my great-hearted brother on her deck;
I watch'd him till he shrank to a speck,
And his face was toward me all the way.
Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
The time we stood at our mother's knee;
That beauteous head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea!

Out in the fields one summer night
We were together, half afraid
Of the corn-leaves rustling, and of the shade
Of the high hills, stretching so still and far,—
Loitering till after the low little light
Of the candle shone through the open door;
And over the haystack's pointed top,
All of a tremble, and ready to drop,
The first half-hour, the great yellow star,
That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,
Had often and often watch'd to see,
Propp'd and held in its place in the skies
By the fork of a tall red mulberry tree,
Which close in the edge of our flax-field grew,—
Dead at the top,—just one branch full
Of leaves, notch'd round, and lined with wool,
From which it tenderly shook the dew
Over our heads, when we came to play
In its handbreadth of shadow, day after day.
Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
A nest full of speckled and thin-shell'd eggs;
The other, a bird, held fast by the legs,
Not so big as a straw of wheat;
The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
But cried and cried, till we held her bill
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee,
Do you think, sir, if you try,
You can paint the look of a lie?
If you can, pray have the grace
To put it solely in the face
Of the urchin that is likest me;
I think 'twas solely mine, indeed;
But that's no matter,—paint it so;
The eyes of our mother (take good heed),
Looking not on the nestful of eggs,
Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
But straight through our faces down to our lies
And, O, with such injured, reproachful surprise!
I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as though
A sharp blade struck through it.
You, sir, know
That on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet,—
Woods and cornfields and mulberry tree,—
The mother,—the lads, with their bird, at her knee;
But, O, that look of reproachful woe!
High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

JEFFERSON'S TEN RULES

Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today.

When angry count ten before you speak; when very angry count 100.

Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

Never spend your money before you have it.

Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.

Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold.

We seldom repent of having eaten too little.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

How much pain the evils that have never happened have cost us.

Take things always by the smooth handle.

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and It Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-four years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of them. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased membranes and makes a radical cure, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser 254 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

INDICTED MAN ENDS LIFE

Former President of Mutual Reserve Life Dies From Gas Poisoning.

New York, Dec. 28.—Frederick A. Burnham, former president of the Mutual Reserve Life Insurance company, was found dead in bed in his home at 66 East Seventy-eighth street, this morning, of gas poisoning. The police say death was due to suicide.

The Mutual Reserve Life Insurance company went into the hands of receivers in February, President Burnham, his brother, George Burnham, jr., the treasurer of the company, and George D. Eldredge, the secretary, were indicted on charges of larceny and forgery which grew out of an alleged payment of the funds of the company in satisfaction of personal claims against some of its officers.

George Burnham, jr., was sentenced to serve two years in prison, but the verdict was set aside. The case against Frederick A. Burnham, it was understood, would not be prosecuted unless that against his brother was eventually won.

A civil suit had lately been instituted against one of the officers.

The Burnham family physician declared today that the death was accidental. He said Burnham's weak heart made him an easy victim to the fumes.

PISTOL BATTLE FATAL

Four-Cornered Duel Fought in Streets of Ocilla, Georgia.

Ocilla, Ga., Dec. 23.—Within a stone's throw of each other, three men were instantly killed and a policeman was mortally wounded in a four-cornered pistol fight last night.

The dead are: Charles Moore, Virgil Moore and Leonard Smith. Policeman Cain Walters was fatally wounded.

Jack Sheppard and Charlie Moore met Policeman Walters on the street shortly after 9 last night. Sheppard fired a giant cannon cracker and the officer remonstrated with him for the act, whereupon Moore took the side of Sheppard.

Moore became angry and attacked the officer with his pistol, shooting at short range. Sheppard got out of the way. The officer, mortally wounded by Moore's first bullet, gamely fired upon Moore as the latter ran, the ball striking Moore squarely in the back. He fell lifeless.

While the duel between the officer and Charlie Moore was in progress, a son of Chief of Police Smith rushed to the officer's aid. Virgil Moore then went to the assistance of his brother Charlie, and fired upon Smith. Smith returned the fire and both fell dead at almost the same instant.

CHARGE WHITECAPPING

Arrest of Tennesseeans in Humphreys County Surrounded by Mystery.

Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 25.—On the indictment from the court of Humphreys county, six men were brought to this city and are in jail, charged with whitecapping. The order for their arrest was signed by the clerk of the Humphrey county circuit court. Besides these six, fourteen more men were arrested yesterday in Humphreys county, charged with whitecapping and Ku Kluxing.

Very little is known of the alleged crimes of the men, and their arrest is surrounded by mystery. It has been known for some time that a band of men were operating in this section, where the arrests were made.

The first trouble leading up to the arrest of the men was when a farmer living up the river from Waverly was whipped because he sold his small crop of peanuts for a smaller sum than it was thought he should have demanded. Since then several occurrences of similar nature have taken place.

HAS STORMY PASSAGE

Steamer Spends 21 Days in Crossing Atlantic.

New York, Dec. 26.—Having taken twice the usual time to make the run from Hamburg, which she left twenty-one days ago, the steamer Pretoria, of the Hamburg-American line, arrived yesterday with her log full of entries, recording one of the stormiest passages in the steamer's history. The Pretoria was so delayed by the heavy weather that her coal supply ran short and she was forced to put into St. Johns, N. F., to replenish it.

From the time the steamer left the English channel she was beaten and tossed about by one gale after another. December 13 the Pretoria only made forty-one miles, and only fifty-two on Dec. 16. For three whole days the passengers were kept under decks.

ACCUSE PRES. CASTRO

Venezuelans Openly Charge Him With Complicity in Murder Attempt.

Caracas, Venezuela, Dec. 23.—The end of the rule in Venezuela of Cipriano Castro has come. The director who has governed the republic with a rod of iron ever since he took forcible possession of the Yellow House in Caracas in 1899, is now openly charged with conspiracy to compass the assassination of a man he left at the head of the republic when he sailed away on November 23, from La Guaira, nominally to secure skilled medical aid in Berlin for a malady of long standing, and is today thoroughly discredited.

Castro Cabinet Out.

No one in Caracas believes he will ever dare return to the capital. The Castro cabinet has been forced to resign and a new and progressive ministry has been appointed by John Vincente Gomez, the acting president.

The attempt upon the life of Gomez was frustrated by the cool nerve and courageous daring of the acting president himself. Alone and unsupported he arrested the ringleaders of the conspiracy with his own hands in the presence of their armed adherents, and after this action he issued a proclamation saying that not only had he saved his own life, but he had maintained the highest ideals of the chief magistracy of the republic.

Already the new administration shows signs of a desire and intention to settle the disputes between Venezuela and certain powers that have kept the republic in a light of unenviable notoriety for several years past.

To Withdraw Warships.

Pending the signing of a treaty between Holland and a duly empowered Venezuelan commissioner the Dutch warships that have been patrolling the Venezuelan coast for nearly three weeks, will be withdrawn.

A prominent lawyer has filed an accusation in the high federal court charging President Castro with complicity in the plot to assassinate and proposing his impeachment.

Decree Is Withdrawn.

Willemstad, Curacao, Dec. 23.—The German consul here has received instructions from the Venezuelan minister of foreign affairs in the new cabinet, Gonzales Guinaud, to dispatch vessels and passengers to Venezuela and to permit the transshipment of goods. This is in accordance with the revocation of the obnoxious decree by Venezuela. The order says, however, that this action is a provisional indulgence on the part of Venezuela pending further negotiations. It is not thought here that this explanation will find favor in Holland.

Suspend Operations.

The Hague, Dec. 23.—Because of the revocation of obnoxious decrees, and in view of the fact that the Venezuelan government has granted the principal demand of the Dutch government, a demand that the fleet was sent to Venezuelan waters to enforce, orders will be sent to the Dutch warships on the Venezuelan coast to suspend their aggressive operations, and some of the ships will be recalled. The foregoing is an official statement.

Castro Not Advised.

Berlin, Dec. 23.—Cipriano Castro, the former dictator of Venezuela, is lying on a sick bed in Berlin in complete ignorance of the events at Caracas that have resulted in his downfall. A member of the president's entourage said this morning that Castro had received no news from home, and did not know what had taken place there.

To Resume Relations.

Washington, Dec. 23.—A resumption of American diplomatic relations with Venezuela is at hand. An official communication has been received at the state department through the Brazilian minister at Caracas expressing the wish of Vice President Gomez to settle satisfactorily all international questions between the United States and Venezuela.

WEDS MOTHER-IN-LAW

Virginian Elopes With Her to Tennessee.

Roanoke, Va., Dec. 24.—D. W. Williams, a business man of Floyd county, has the distinction of having married his mother-in-law. His bride occupies the dual relation of grandmother and stepmother to his two children, a bright little boy and girl. Despite the time-worn mother-in-law joke, the bridegroom says he is very happy.

Williams first married Miss Mary Sours, but after several years the young wife died. He courted his mother-in-law, who was a widow, and they applied to the clerk of the courts, who issued a marriage license. Later he concluded it was illegal to issue a license for a man to marry his mother-in-law and revoked it.

The couple, not to be outdone, eloped to Tennessee, where they were recently married.

JOKE ON MISTLETOE

Young Man Happens to Select Girl Athlete.

New York, Dec. 25.—All but two of the 460 members of the cast of the Hippodrome show tried to fathom the mystery of the following disciplinary edict, that was posted by Stage Manager Burnside.

"Hereafter any member of the Hippodrome company or stage force hanging mistletoe or other decorations over the stage door will be immediately dismissed. R. H. BURNSIDE,
"General Stage Director."

The cause of the edict was discovered last night. Late in the afternoon a young man who belonged to the show, having finished his part, got a bit of mistletoe and hung it over the stage door. Then he waited. When the first two girls came out he hesitated. Then there appeared a real model of beauty and the young man planted a merry yuletide kiss on her cheek. What happened then he tried to tell a couple of sympathetic non-union cabbies a few minutes later. The young woman happened to be Miss Anna Van Huffersen, one of the three circus athletes who toss dumbbells and each other around When she hit the young man he landed in the gutter. When the young man was able to explain the mistletoe came down and the proclamation went up.

BAR YANKEE AUTOS

Canucks Would Put on Prohibitive License Fee.

Sandwich, Ont., Dec. 26.—The Essex county council has adopted a resolution asking the Ontario legislature for an act permitting each county to regulate and license automobile traffic through its territory. This action is directed particularly against automobilists from outside passing through Essex county, and especially those touring from Detroit to Buffalo, many of whom have made nuisances of themselves.

As first introduced by Warden O'Neil, the resolution asked authority to charge a license fee of $25 on each automobile passing through the county. It was

SECOND GRAFT RAID

Pittsburg Voters' League Is Said to Have Prepared More Warrants.

Pittsburg, Dec. 24.—While the graft scandal of Pittsburg has been halted in so far as the making of additional arrests is concerned, it is intimated and believed this is only temporary.

The efforts of the investigators will now be directed towards others implicated in the alleged corruption, as the seven councilmen and two former bankers arrested Monday night have been held for court trial.

Second Raid Planned.

It was reported today that a second raid will soon be made against councilmen and business men charged with corrupting the councils. The Voters' League of Pittsburg is said to have prepared twenty-two warrants for the arrest of these persons.

By the latter part of February, it is expected, the court trials will be under way. It is probable there will not be a councilmanic investigation of the scandal.

A great number of wealthy Pittsburghers have hurried to the front to offer assistance in making the "clean-up" complete.

These rarebits of municipal scandday were among the mass of accusations hurled at the city council during the hearing yesterday of the two bankers and seven councilmen who were arrested recently. All were held for court trials.

W. W. Ramsey and A. A. Vilsack, former president and cashier of the German National bank, were first placed on trial. It was testified they had been approached by Councilman John Klein, one of the accused, who stated the bank would be made a depository for the city's funds in the event "the German National bank would do as other banks have done." After several conferences, the bankers gave the councilmen $17,500.

The bankers were held for court in the sum of $14,000 bail each.

Councilmen Are Tried.

The seven councilmen, President Brand and Klein, Soffel, Wasson, Melaney and Ferguson, of common council, and Atkinson, of select council, were then called for trial.

Robert Wilson, a private detective employed by the Voters' League of Pittsburg, gave sensational testimony. Aided by an assistant, Wilson engaged a room in a local hotel and cut holes in the door and walls of an adjoining room. His assistant, Herbert Jones, posed as a business man desiring certain ordinances passed.

During these conferences, Councilman Klein had a great deal to say regarding how complete councils were controlled by the accused men, the detective said. It was also testified that Klein and Brand each accepted $500 from Jones in payment for securing the passage of an ordinance.

Sixty Split $45,000.

At a meeting held in another hotel, Klein told Wilson how hard it was to divide money among the councilmen. He told of how $45,000 had to be split between sixty councilmen. This money was received in connection with the construction of filter beds at the new filtration plant.

Councilman Klein, Mr. Wilson testified, said the councilmen had different prices. Some councilmen wanted $100, some $75, some $25, and some $5. According to councilman Klein, Wilson related, the $5 councilmen were known as "hoodlums."

It was also possible to secure some councilmanic votes on some measures in return for a suit of clothes or for street car tickets.

More Arrests Soon.

It is said today that the additional arrests in connection with the graft scandal will probably not be made until after Christmas. According to Director Lang and Police Magistrate Brady, a large number of arrests are contemplated, but when they will be made is known only to the officials of the Voters' league and the private detectives employed by the league. However, it is possible the arrests may be made today.

CAMERA SHOWS BRIBE

Councilman Accepting Coin From Pseudo Promoter Shown in Photo.

Pittsburg, Dec. 23.—When the seven councilmen and two former bankers, arrested here Monday night as a result of alleged corruption in the city's legislative circles, were arraigned today before Police Magistrate F. J. Brady, a great crowd of big and little politicians were gathered.

A flashlight photograph of a member of council in the act of accepting money from a decoy promoter will be one of the strongest features of the evidence. This picture, it is said, was taken in a private room in a downtown hotel immediately before the councilman was arrested.

Besides the councilman, the flashlight photograph is said to show an agent of the Hufling detective agency of Scranton, Pa., which worked up the cases. This man is reported to have posed as a member of a firm anxious to sell wooden paving blocks to the city and to have become very intimate with the councilman.

The councilman is alleged to have been induced to tell of the negotiations to secure the passage of the legislation, to name the other members who were to share in the bribe and to say that the members were tired of promises and wanted to see some real money. The detective peeled off $100 and $500 bills from a large roll, and just as the councilman reached for his allotment the flash was ignited.

The councilman broke down and wept, and when he accused his companion of trapping him there was no denial. Then an officer appeared and made an arrest.

Held for Court Trial.

The first case taken up was that of W. W. Ramsey and A. A. Vilsack, former president and cashier of the German National bank. National Bank Examiner Nesbit testified that Captain John Klein, a councilman, had approached the bankers about making the bank a city depository and that $17,500 had later disappeared from the bank in a sensational and interesting manner.

Both defendants were held for court trial on charges of alleged conspiracy and bribery. Their bond of $14,000 each was renewed.

SEIZE A BRITISH BOAT

Chinese Cruisers Capture a Steamer.

Hong Kong, Dec. 28.—The British steamer Tai On was captured yesterday by two Chinese cruisers near Kum Chuk, west of the river. The reason for the capture is believed to lie in the fact that steamer several months ago ran down a junk and drowned a theatrical company. Further developments from the capture are expected.

MAN TRYING TO PULL BEARD MAKES M. FALLIERES A HERO

Paris, Dec. 26.—While Armand Fallieres, president of France, accompanied by M. Ramondou, his secretary, and Col. Lasson, military attache at the Elysee palace, was taking a morning stroll near Rue de L'Etoil yesterday, a poorly clad man, who evidently had been lying in wait, suddenly jumped upon the president from behind and threw his arms about M. Fallieres' neck in an effort to seize his beard.

Col. Lasson and Secretary Ramondou sprang to the assistance of the president, dragged off his assailant and turned him over to two special detectives, who had been following the party on bicycles.

President Fallieres' cane was broken in the struggle, but beyond a scratch on the ear he was not injured and insisted on continuing his walk.

As the detectives slipped the handcuffs on the man he cried:

"I am unarmed. I simply wanted to pull the president's beard."

GOMEZ FACES TROUBLE

Many Adherents of President Castro Still Remain in the Country.

Washington, Dec. 24.—After an interval of eight months, the United States government has resumed friendly relations with Venezuela, and William I. Buchanan has left this country in the capacity of a special commissioner to visit that country.

Much will depend on the nature of the communications he will make to the state department whether the United States will accord formal recognition to the government as it now exists, a decision dependent upon its ability to maintain a stable institution and to fulfill its treaty obligations.

It has not yet been fully established that the Gomez government will retain its power without trouble, for there are many adherents of President Castro throughout the country. Indeed, the possibility that disorder may arise is indicated in the expression of a desire for an American warship at La Guaira, to which wish this government has promptly responded.

Cause of Trouble Removed.

The Hague, Dec. 24.—The revocation of the trans-shipment decree of May 14 by the Venezuelan government was announced in the lower house of parliament yesterday afternoon by Foreign Minister Van Swinderen. It was this decree that made most of the trouble between Venezuela and the Netherlands. Under its terms, the trans-shipment of goods at Willemstad destined for Venezuela, was prohibited, and its operations worked much injury to the commerce of the Dutch Island.

The foreign minister said also that the Dutch naval operations along the Venezuelan coast had been suspended at the request of Acting President Gomez. The foreign minister's words were as follows:

Plot Against Gomez.

"Following the discovery of a plot against the life of the vice president of Venezuela, Juan Vicente Gomez, a new ministry was formed and some of the supporters of President Castro were cast into prison.

"On December 21, Acting President Gomez, as an evidence of friendliness and pending later negotiations by duly appointed delegates, ordered a stay of execution of the decree of May 14, and expressed the hope that the Netherlands similarly would suspend the naval demonstration in Venezuelan waters.

"Pending the re-establishment of a Venezuelan consulate at Caracao, the German consul there has been authorized to grant shipping clearances."

Mention Roosevelt.

Gossip in some official quarters and stories sent out from Washington to some of the big papers of the country connect President Roosevelt's name with the revolution in Venezuela, as it was with the Panama canal deal. It is whispered that Castro had hardly stepped on the steamer's gang plank bound for Europe, before agents of the state department in Venezuela were hinting that this is the one season for revolutions. Then somebody, who was right on the spot for the occasion, formed a company of university students and started the "war." One story says:

"Meanwhile President Gomez, appointed by President Roosevelt, can struggle to meet pledges made by President Roosevelt to foreign nalinns out of an empty Venezuelan treasury."

Castro Gives Up.

Berlin, Dec. 24.—Cipriano Castro today gave a statement to the Associated Press which amounts virtually to abandonment of his present claims to the presidency of the Venezuelan republic. This statement is as follows:

"After taking cognizance of everything printed in the newspapers from Venezuela, I doubt the attitude therein attributed to the present government at Caracas. But I will have more to say on this subject when I am in better health and when I have full knowledge of what has occurred.

"In any event, I shall place no difficulties in the way of the present administration of Venezuala in settling the pending controversies with foreign governments, even if this should involve my own withdrawal from activity in the affairs of the nation."

LITTLE RAILWAY WORK

Southern Roads Shut Down on Construction Work.

Baltimore, Dec. 26.—In publishing its annual review of railroad construction in the south, the Manufacturers' Record says:

The total number of miles constructed during 1908 in the south, including Missouri and Oklahoma, was 1,760. Last year there were over 3,300 miles built. This is the lowest record of new construction in the south for many years, but the prospect for next year is that 3,256 miles will be constructed. The amount of construction by the big railroad corporations was extraordinarily small.

Many small companies, which usually build each year from ten to twenty-five miles of railroad, shut down on work, except maintenance.

Notwithstanding the depression, work was vigorously prosecuted on such new enterprises as were financed before the panic, like the Clinchfield & Ohio.

HYMNS IN SALOONS

Liquor Men to Give Sunday Entertainments.

Ithaca, Dec. 25.—A number of liquor dealers have decided to give moving picture shows here Sundays, with sacred music and talks by a clergyman. They hope to attract drinkers from saloon side doors.

The excise law was so vigorously enforced that these men formed a law and order league and pledged themselves to keep closed Sundays. To sidetrack trade from the saloonmen who didn't join them, they will give the moving pictures.

The Rev. C. W. Helzer, of the Unitarian church, has shocked his conservative followers by consenting to speak at the shows. His topics will be civic and social problems. He says the honest saloonman should be protected from abuse and hysterics.

MO. OUSTS STANDARD

Republic Oil Company Also Forbidden to Do Business and Waters-Pierce Dissolved.

Jefferson City, Mo., Dec. 23.—The supreme court of Missouri handed down a decision this morning ousting the Standard Oil company of Indiana and the Republic Oil company from the state of Missouri, forbidding them ever again to do business in Missouri and dissolving the Waters-Pierce Oil company of St. Louis. In addition, each of the companies is fined $50,000.

The order dissolving the Waters-Pierce Oil company will become effective January 15 next, unless the company on or before that date furnishes to the supreme court satisfactory evidence that it intends to operate as an independent concern.

The court finds that the companies conspired:

1. To regulate and fix prices to retail dealers.
2. To control and limit the trade in the refined products of petroleum.
3. To control and limit and prevent competition in the buying and selling of these products.
4. To deceive and mislead the public into the belief that they were separate and distinct corporations pursuing independently their business as independent competitors.

The suit to oust the three companies was instituted by Attorney General Hadley in 1905, and the evidence taken by a special commissioner in St. Louis and New York, and has been before the state supreme court for more than a year.

The opinion was written by Judge Woodson. All seven judges concurred and Judges Graves and Lamb wrote a separate concurring opinion.

WILL TRAP DESERTERS

Stringent Rules Made by War Department.

Washington, Dec. 24.—Deserters from the army will have more difficulty in evading capture in the future, the war department having issued stringent orders today requiring commanding officers of all military posts and stations and of troops in the field, except in Alaska and the insular possessions, to notify the adjutant general of the army at once by telegraph in each case of a desertion.

Heretofore such notification has been given by mail at least ten days after the desertion occurred. The order requiring immediate telegraphic notice calls for information concerning the probable designation of the deserter, so that he can be followed before he has had time to go far from the post or to thoroughly conceal his identity.

T.R. WILL DEAL IN FACTS

Nothing Personal in Message Bearing on Civil Service Dispute.

Washington, Dec. 24.—Indications are that persons who expect President Roosevelt to say something of a personal nature in his message to congress in regard to the secret service, will be disappointed.

While the President has not yet written his reply, he has collected a stock of information which will serve for its basis. It is believed he will confine himself principally to an effort to sustain the declaration in his annual message that the action of congress in severely limiting the activities of the secret service agents has resulted in increased crime.

Data will be produced to show that criminals and confidence men have been quick to take advantage of the cessation of the work of the secret service men, but it is not believed there will be any reflection upon the character of individuals.

To meet any objection that the secret service is limited by statute to the detection of counterfeiters, revenue and customs frauds and at the same time to preserve the general usefulness of that institution, the President probably will recommend a change in the organic law so as to provide for the merging of the secret service, the land office inspectors, poachers and all the other minor governmental inspection service into one general bureau of criminology in the interest of economy and good administration.

CZAR FACES REVOLUTION

Rebels and Soldiers Fight Bloody Battle at a Villa on Outskirts of Moscow.

Moscow, Dec. 26.—Baron Cotte, chief of the secret political police, was killed and Colonel Muraki was wounded in a fierce encounter today with revolutionists who were intrenched in a suburban villa. During the fight several policemen were killed and others were wounded. Troops were summoned to the aid of the police and a regular battle ensued.

Artillery had finally to be brought up to bombard the villa before the revolutionists were subdued.

The occurrence is the most serious since the uprising of December, 1905, and a general outbreak would not be surprising. The villa where the fighting took place occupies a strategic position on Elk Island, an islet in the river near Moscow that is a favorite summer resort. The leaders of a revolutionary organization were holding a meeting in the house. The police surrounded the villa and as they approached the house the revolutionists opened fire. This resistance was unexpected, and the police withdrew. Then infantry were sent for, and with this reinforcement a second advance was made.

Many Are Killed.

The police and the soldiers had to retire a second time, and it was in this encounter that Baron Cotte was killed and Colonel Muraki wounded. Several soldiers also lost their lives.

The artillery appeared and put an end to the trouble. The losses sustained by the revolutionists are not known, but they doubtless are heavy.

LABOR MEN SENTENCED

Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison Given Terms in Prison—To Make Appeal.

Washington, Dec. 23.—The famous contempt case of the Bucks Stove and Range company against President Gompers, Vice President Mitchell and Secretary Morrison, of the American Federation of Labor, was decided today by Justice Wright of the supreme court of the District of Columbia adversely to the Federation officials.

Gompers was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, Mitchell to nine months and Morrison to six months.

Cause of Suit.

The case grew out of the alleged boycott of the company's products and the putting of that company on the unfair list, and the Federation's alleged violation of Judge Gould's recent mandamus has attracted wide attention.

The Bucks company's prosecution of the officials of the Federation began in August, 1907. The original action was a test case, where it was sought to enjoin the labor unions from using the "unfair" and "we don't patronize" lists in their fight against firms and individuals. Justice Gould, of the supreme court of the District of Columbia, issued an injunction which later was made permanent, forbidding the publication of the company's name in these lists. President Gompers, in an editorial in the Federationist of January last, made known his intention not to obey the court's order, contending that the injunction issued was in derogation of the rights of labor and an abuse of the injunction power of the courts.

Cited for Contempt.

Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison subsequently were cited for contempt, and this phase of the case has been before the court for many months, the proceedings taking the form of a hearing of testimony before an examiner and many arguments.

Pending an appeal to the United States court of appeals of the District of Columbia all three defendants were released on bail, the amount being fixed as follows: Gompers $5,000, Mitchell $4,000, and Morrison $3,000. A local security company furnished the bonds.

Each of the defendants, before sentence was passed upon them, made statements to the usual inquiries of the court if they had anything to say.

Judge's Decision.

Judge Wright's decision was a scathing denunciation of the defendants. He recited the conditions anteceding the injunction and referred to the fact that for 25 years the Bucks plant had operated as a 10-hour shop and always maintained an "open shop." He also spoke of the numerical strength of the American Federation of Labor, with its 2,000,000, and its repeated endorsement of the boycott of the Bucks Stove and Range company, through the American Federationist, the Federation's official organ, speeches by the defendants, letters, circulars, etc.

The court referred to the use of the "We Don't Patronize" list, and "unfair" list of the labor organization, and said that members of labor unions were forced and coerced into supporting it "whether individually willing or unwilling, approving or disapproving," by various methods.

Read the Resolutions.

The court read extracts of numerous resolutions of labor organizations bearing on the Bucks case as tending to show the methods of influencing members of unions, "and these methods" the court remarked, "seemed to be known as 'persausion.'" The customers of the stove company, the court said, had been intimidated, browbeaten and coerced out of their business relations with their customers, by direct interference with and boycott of their (the customers') trade relations with their own customers and the public generally."

CASKET SO LARGE THE WALLS ARE TORN DOWN.

Kittanning, Pa., Dec. 24.—Miss Dora Yockey, 30 years old, who died here yesterday, is so large that a specially constructed casket had to be ordered for her, and this casket can only be taken into and out of the house by removing one of the windows, its frame and about eighteen inches of the wall of the house. She weighed over 600 pounds. She was always large, but was afflicted during the last years with a disease similar to elephantiasis, and her weight increased enormously. The special casket is forty-seven inches wide and seven feet long.

WAR ON SPIRITUALISM

Pope's Envoy Says It Makes Devotees Insane.

Washington, Dec. 25.—J. Godfrey Raupert, former rector of the Anglican Church of the Octagon, at Bath, England, has come to Washington as special envoy of the pope to combat the growth of spiritualism in the country.

"The position of the Catholic church is this," he says. "It admits the reality of spiritualistic phenomena. But the church denies that it has proved that these are human intelligences, and asserts that there are grave dangers to faith, to morals, to health of mind and body connected with any attempt by the average man or woman to meddle in the matter.

"People are led away by the desire to obtain valuable information. Another danger to those who tamper with this subject is with regard to the effect on their mental health. It is certain that these phenomena are obtained by the cultivation of mental passivity, and consequently there is danger of obsession and permanent derangement of mental faculties.

"It is well known, although both spiritualists and scientific investigators are apt to hide this truth, that the greater number of mediums degenerate and eventually become insane.

"Lastly, there is danger to faith that comes from this semi-mysterious subject. On the flimsy basis of these phenomena, the most that can be said for which is that they scientifically demonstrate the existence of a spirit world, men have attempted to build up a system of theology. With cheap tricks and travesties on miracles this makes a powerful impression on the ignorant and partly informed, though there is no backing of intelligence and wisdom that compares with that of the average child.

"This is why the authorities at Rome are so anxious that Catholics should have the correct interpretation of this matter. Thousands are being swept off their feet by the reports of psychic powers current in the newspapers and magazines.

"The attitude of Catholics must be absolutely negative. They must not experiment in any way with this unknown power. It is a real power, but at present it would seem, at least to the theologian, to be the power of the demons, for it denies Christ."

ASK ROOSEVELT TO ACT

Unions of Country Request That He Save Labor Leaders From Going to Cells.

Washington, Dec. 24.—The labor world is anxiously waiting to see what action, if any, President Roosevelt will take with reference to the decision of Justice Wright, of the supreme court of the District of Columbia, who yesterday sentenced President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, to one year's imprisonment, and John Mitchell and Frank Morrison to nine and six months, respectively.

These labor leaders were adjudged in contempt of court, the case growing out of the alleged boycott of the products of the Bucks Stove and Range company of St. Louis, and the putting of that company on the Federation's unfair list, in alleged violation of a court order.

Hundreds of telegrams have been received by the President from labor unions in all parts of the country, all of which protest against the sentences.

Has Not Read Decision.

It was explained at the White House that the President has not read the decision and therefore cannot say if he will take any action. There was an intimation, however, that some action might be taken if he should be convinced that the sentence is unjust, if it should be affirmed upon appeal.

The various labor organizations in protesting to the President against the sentence urge him to prevent the incarceration of the labor leaders. The Illinois United Mine Workers sent this telegram, signed by President John H. Walker, the vice president; secretary treasurer and members of the executive board:

"In the name of 75,000 mine workers in Illinois, we desire to protest against the recent decision committing to penal servitude those great commoners and representatives of the American labor movement, Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell and Frank Morrison.

Solicit Influence.

"These men may be guilty of a breach of law, but law that denies the use of a free press and full speech is a breach of the fundamental principles of our country. Such decisions only tend to create enmity and class hatred. We respectfully solicit your influence to prevent the incarceration of these men."

The whole question of the sentencing of Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison will be threshed over at a meeting of the executive council of the Federation to be held in this city on January 11 next.

This meeting, while a regularly scheduled one, will be notable undoubtedly because of the vital issues affecting labor involved in the action of the court.

To Sustain Leaders.

Resolutions sustaining the attitude of the leaders of the big organization with its thirty thousand odd councils and two millions of members, will be submitted for action and the policy of the Federation in view of the court's notice and scathing arraignment carried in the decision will be outlined.

It is not likely that arguments on the appeal will be heard in the court of appeals of the District of Columbia until March, and perhaps not then. The defendants have forty days in which to perfect their appeal and upon a proper showing the court in its discretion may extend the time. It is mandatorg, however, that the appeal must be filed within twenty days.

UNIONS WILL PROTEST

200,000 Laborers Will Appeal to the President.

New York, Dec. 28.—Planning a demonstration of 200,000 labor men next Sunday in protest against jail sentences imposed upon Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell and Frank Morrison, the Central Federated Union yesterday appointed a committee of thirty to make arrangements and adopted resolutions in this connection, of which a copy was sent to President Roosevelt.

The executive committee announced it had sent a telegram to defendants assuring them that every legal means would be utilized to prevent their imprisonment.

It was also decided that action by any labor union looking to pardon for the men sentenced should be discouraged.

SIXTEEN BOATS LOST

Accidents Cost Marine Men $631,000 This Season.

Cleveland, Dec. 24.—During the past season sixteen vessels—ten steamers and six schooners—passed out of existence on the lakes. The boats that were total losses were valued at $631,000. They had a carrying capacity of 26,250 tons a trip, and figuring on twenty cargoes a season, their carrying capacity for a season would be 525,000 tons.

Eight of the vessels stranded and were pounded to pieces, five steamers were destroyed by fire, two were lost in collisions, and one steamer foundered. Only two of the vessels that were lost were of steel.

The greatest loss of the season was the steel steamer D. M. Clemson, which foundered in Lake Superior. This big freighter went down the latter part of the season and twenty-four lives were lost on her. The Clemson was valued at $300,000 and was fully insured. Her coal cargo, which was worth $12,000, was also insured. But for the loss of the Clemson the death list of 1908 would have been very small compared with other seasons.

The next loss of importance was the package freight steamer North Star, which was sunk in collision with the steamer Northern Queen on Lake Huron. The North Star was insured for $120,000, and she had a valuable cargo which was also insured. The only other total loss of more than $50,000 was the steamer P. P. Pratt, which was destroyed by fire on Lake Erie. The rest of the boats that passed out of existence were the steamers Peshtigo, Iroquois, Frontenac, C. A. Street, Oregon, C. Hurlbut, Teshoto, and schooners A. A. Law, Berwyn, J. G. Blaine, Acacia, S. C. Baldwin and A. C. Maxwell.

JOKES PROLONG LIFE

Laughs, Beer and Tobacco Octogenarian's Recipe.

St. Louis, Dec. 24.—Francis Brandeweide, of Alton, the oldest office holder in the city, and now eighty-three years old, believes he has solved the problem of how to live to be one hundred and four. He would laugh himself there. Here is the recipe of this octogenarian and the rule he practices:

Laugh all you can, get hold of all the funny stories you can and think of them, chew tobacco, drink a little beer each day, and always get up from the table hungry.

One year ago, while clerk of the city court, he became ill and his family despaired of his getting well. Brandeweide asked his physician to call his friends in and tell any good stories they might know. He also demanded a plug of tobacco and a bottle of beer. In spite of protests the order was followed and Brandeweide began to mend.

FOUND DEAD IN BED!

Feeling Well the Night Before, Wife Finds Husband Still and Cold in Death Beside Her.

Mr. John C. Harris, a prosperous young farmer of Chambersburg, N. Y., went to bed last Thursday night feeling as well as usual. Next morning his wife found him dead in bed beside her! Was it murder? Yes and no. No, because he died from so-called natural causes—yes, because for months he'd known that he had heart disease, and that sudden death might come from the least over-exertion, or by sleeping on his left side and this last proved too true! And yet this bright, intelligent young man, with everything to live for, wouldn't listen to reason—either to his doctor or to the earnest pleadings of his wife to do something. "It don't amount to anything," he'd say—"only a little palpitation. It's my stomach, I guess. It will go away of itself, anyway." But delay cost his life. Was not this self-murder?

This case is only one; more than sixty thousand people die yearly of Heart Disease! An average of about six people in every ten have some disease or weakness of the heart. Many, of course, don't know it; they think it's something else and often doctor the stomach, kidneys, liver, female organs, etc., and get no better, and a good many who do know think it can't be cured. And there's just where they make their gravest mistake, for with proper, intelligent treatment the incurable cases of Heart Disease are comparatively few. We have proved this fully by successfully treating thousands of cases in the last five years! Many of these were chronic, serious and complicated, in which other remedies and doctors had failed, and hope seemed gone, but our treatment quickly proved successful and permanent In very many cases of Heart Disease the Nerves and Stomach are affected also, and in such it is useless to treat the heart alone, and one reason why our treatment is so effective is because it sets the stomach right, removes constipation, and revitalizes the nerves and builds up the whole system, besides strengthening and regulating the heart. We believe that we can bring the same success in your case—even though your trouble has become chronic, serious and deep-seated, and to prove to you what we can do we will send you by mail, postpaid, without any conditions, without any restrictions, and without any cost, a regular full-size package of Dr. Fuller's treatment for the Heart and Nerves, and illustrated book, which with pictures of the Heart and in plain words tells you clearly and fully all about your case and just how to take the treatment and how to take care of yourself to get quickest and best results. Both the full treatment and the illustrated book are free.

Please to understand, this is not a "sample" or "trial," but a regular full-size treatment. Neither is it a C. O. D. scheme or anything of the kind, nothing but a fair, square chance for you to fully test this grand treatment for yourself, in your own home, without cost. If you have even one of the symptoms—Nervousness, Trembling, Twitching or Nightmare, Palpitation, Fluttering or Skipping Beats of the Heart, Short Breath, Fainting, Smothering, Choking, Numb or Sinking Spells, Dizziness, Nose-bleed, Swelling Legs, Asthma, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder-blade—your heart and nerves are surely wrong! Don't wait, but send now for the full, free treatment, and take the first step toward getting well. Address the Heart Cure Co., 231 Masonic Building, Hallowell, Maine.

THOS. F. RYAN QUITS

Resigns From Directorate of 31 Corporations.

New York, Dec. 24.—Thomas F. Ryan, admittedly one of the greatest powers in the financial world, has announced that, yielding to the advice of his physicians he had resigned from the directorate of thirty-one corporations. The only enterprises in the management of which the noted financier retains a hand are the Morton Trust Co., the National Bank of Commerce and the American Tobacco Co.

Mr. Ryan's action was taken in pursuance of a policy of retirement first adopted two years ago. At that time he was told by his physicians that the multiplicity of cares devolving upon him as the chief steersman of so many financial organizations, some of which, such as the Equitable Life Assurance society and the Interborough-Metropolitan Street Railway system of New York, were more than sufficient in themselves to tax the endurance of any one individual, was rapidly undermining his health.

After a busy career of forty years, most of which had been spent in mapping out and carrying to successful issue consolidations of street railway and lighting interests of gigantic magnitude, Mr. Ryan felt that he could unharness himself from his many business responsibilities.

QUARANTINE MODIFIED

Michigan Order Limited to Five Counties.

Washington, Dec. 24.—Secretary of Agriculture Wilson yesterday modified the federal quarantine on account of the foot and mouth disease in Michigan and Maryland, because no infection has been found in Michigan outside of Carroll county.

In Michigan interstate shipments, for immediate slaughter only, of cattle, sheep and swine will hereafter be permitted from any point in Michigan except from Macomb, Oakland, Wayne, Washtenaw and Monroe counties. The authorities of the state to which the animals are destined must be willing to accept them.

The modified regulations permit the interstate movement of fodder and hides, skins and hoofs from Michigan and Maryland except the counties specified without disinfection or certification, and subject to the consent of the officials of the states of destination.

Cars carrying live stock into the released portions of Maryland and Michigan are not required to be disinfected before being moved out of those states.

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PLACE DEAD AT 100,000

Three Provinces Wiped Out By Shock and Flood in Italy

ETNA RUMBLES

Destruction of All Southern Italy Feared—Vandals Add to Horrors

50,000 AT MESSINA.

Rome, Dec. 29.—The minister of marine at 5 o'clock this afternoon received a wireless dispatch estimateing the dead at Messina alone at 50,000.

No news yet has been received from Reggio.

Rome, Dec. 29.—Latest advices indicate that between 75,000 and 100,000 persons were killed in the earthquake and tidal wave which wrought havoc with southern Italy yesterday and last night.

Several of the largest cities in the region were partly or totally destroyed, including Palermo, Messina, Palmi, Bagnara and Reggio. In each of these the loss of lives was appalling.

About a hundred European and American tourists are said to have been killed at Messina.

Further Calamity Feared.

Alarming activity of Mount Etna adds to the horrors, and it is predicted that the entire region is destined to destruction.

In places left only partly destroyed by earthquake and tidal wave, such as Messina, conflagration completed the work of destruction.

With a volcanic eruption hourly feared, news of further calamities constantly coming in, and the further horror added by the depredations of bands of vandals and robbers who pillage and loot, the situation has given all Italy a staggering blow.

12,000 Dead at Messina.

A special dispatch which has been received from Palermo, Sicily, says the dead at Messina as a result of the earthquake and tidal wave of yesterday are estimated at 50,000.

Scores still are alive beneath the ruins of the city. It will be impossible to bring these people out alive.

Place Dead at 75,000.

Other dispatches received here place the dead at Messina at even more appalling figures. The Tribuna publishes a telegram saying the casualties will reach a total of 75,000 persons.

Big Towns Destroyed.

The town of Palmi has been pratically destroyed, as has also Bagnara. The dead at Palmi number 1,000, and it is impossible to estimate the number of the injured. Large numbers were killed also at Bagnara. The tidal wave inundate a villa at San Giovanni, 2,500 feet back from the shore.

Palmi has 10,000 inhabitants, while Bagnara counts 7,500 people.

A special dispatch from Catanzaro says that only a few thousands out of the entire population of Reggio have escaped death or injury.

Orders Looters Shot.

Lieutenant General Fiera di Cossatto has ordered that all looters and robbers be shot on sight. Martial law will be instituted in the earthquake zone.

The population of Reggio is placed at about 50,000 persons by the best authorities.

Refugees reaching Palermo from Messina say that there were one hundred foreigners in the hotel Trinacria and that they all lost their lives. The hotel has been completely obliterated. It was one of the best in the city and patronized almost exclusively by tourists. It was situated in the Via Garibaldi.

The disaster in the province of Calabria and the Island of Sicily has today assumed staggering proportions.

Each successive report makes it more apparent that the first stories of the destruction gave only a vague hint of the calamity. Messina alone reports 12,000 victims, but this is only a partial list.

Reports are coming in from other towns giving estimates of dead therein from 500 up to several thousand.

Etna Adds to Horror.

A telegram from Catania, Sicily, says Mount Etna is this morning showing alarming activity, and the detonations, together with the smoke rolling out of the crater, have added to the panic.

According to the director of the local observatory this activity is directly connected with the earthquakes of yesterday. Such phenomena seldom accompany violent seismic disturbances.

Three Provinces Wiped Out.

The three provinces of Cosenza, Catanzaro and Reggio Di Calabria, comprising the department of Calabria, which forms the southwestern extremity of Italy, or "the toe of the boot," were wiped out by yesterday's earthquake.

The town of Messina, Sicily, was partly destroyed and Catania was inundated. In Messina hundreds of houses have fallen and hundreds have been killed at Messina.

All Italy Trembles.

The fate of entire regions within the zone of the earthquake is unknown, but reports indicate the havoc has been great and the destruction to life and property more terrible than Italy has experienced in many years.

The uncertainty of the situation has filled all Italians with the deepest distress, for they still have fear that that part of the country which seems to have been most blessed by nature will be destroyed by the same blind forces which nearly nineteen centuries ago overwhelmed Pompeii and Herculaneum.

Country Is Flooded.

All reports show that the present catastrophe embraces a larger area than the earthquake in 1905. The tidal wave which followed the earth shocks on the eastern coast of Sicily sunk vessels and inundated the lower part of Catania.

The indescribable horrors of the disaster have been increased by a reign of terror, in which robbers pillage ruins and butcher defenseless women and children.

Seek Refuge in Churches.

Extraordinary scenes are reported at Catania. Following a violent earth shock at 5:20 a. m., the sea rose in a tremendous wave which whecked many smacks. It then suddenly retired from the shore and returned as quickly, causing further great damage and wreckage.

Awakened by the shock, the inhabitants fled panic stricken from their homes into the streets and squares. Processions were organized and soon all the churches were filled with weeping crowds imploring divine mercy.

A very severe shock was felt at Caltanissetta, a city of Sicily, and although much damage was done, no one was killed. The shock caused great alarm and, notwithstanding the downpour of rain, the whole population remained in the streets throughout the day and marched in religious procession.

Town Wrecked Twice.

At Mineo there were a number of shocks. At Augusta, which once before was destroyed by an earthquake, the tidal wave wrecked the government salt works. The prisoners employed there mutinied, but were eventually suppressed.

At Patti the shock was accompanied by a blinding flash of light, while serious havoc was wrought at Barcelonia and ten persons were killed at Castroreale and Montagano.

Professor Ricco, director of the Mount Etna observatory, says that the center of the earthquake was near the volcano. It is possible that further shocks will follow those of today, but these are expected to be of minor force.

Girls Buried in Ruins.

The Santa Maria college at Ali, a little place between Messina and Catania, was overthrown, several of the girl students being buried in the ruins The steamer Piemonte, according to word received here, has arrived at Milazzo with 300 women and children and 50 men who were injured at Messina. After transferring the wounded the Piemonte started back for the stricken city.

There is no doubt that a large portion of Messina has been destroyed. To add to the terrible effects of the disaster, thieves were soon at work setting fires at various points and stealing everything they could lay their hands to, even robbing the injured as they lay helpless, and the dead. Stores were broken into and great disorder and even terrorism prevailed for a time. The authorities, however, promptly took the most stringent measures to maintain order and those who were caught in acts of incendiarism and robbery were severely dealt with.

Maddened With Terror.

Palermo, Dec. 29.—Railroad communication with Messina has been restored.

A train load of refugees came in here this morning, but they are all maddened with terror, and no one is capable of giving a connected account of the catastrophe. All agree that Messina has been destroyed, and that the victims will be counted by the tens of thousands.

The Trinacria hotel, with ninety guests, was demolished. The city hall, the bourse, the telegraph offices and the barracks also were destroyed.

A tidal wave thirty feet high swept up three streets of the city in the height of the confusion following the shock. Hundreds of half-dressed men, women and children who had fled from their houses to the streets were caught in the onrush of waters and drowned or injured.

Doctors to Scene.

A train load of doctors, nurses and hospital equipment has been sent out from here for Messina and the steamer Marguerita, loaded to the guards with persons who had relatives in the doomed city and others who will join in the work of relief, also has left.

The refugees declare that the entire country around Messina has been devastated and that several villages have disappeared. Telegraphic reports have been received here from all parts of the island of Sicily. They say the inhabitants everywhere are terror-stricken and praying in the streets and churches.

Reggio is described as nothing but a vast sepulchre.

Appeals for Aid.

The captain of the steamer Washington, which was in the Straits of Messina at the time of the earthquake, says his vessel shuddered as if she had run aground. A thick fog prevailed at the time and it was impossible for him to see the Messina lighthouse or the Calabrian coast. The Washington was soon surrounded with boats appealing for aid. The people were taken aboard. The sea was littered with wreckage in every direction.

Among those who lost their lives at Messina are Commandant Passino and all the members of his family. They were crushed in the ruins of their residence.

The Russian warships that were at Syracuse also have left for Messina to aid in the work of rescue.

PALACES LIE IN RUINS

Robbers Steal From the Clothing of Corpses.

Rome, Dec. 29.—News has come from Messina, eight miles north of Reggio, that vandalism of the worst kind has broken out. Robbers and looters are shot on sight. The prison at Messina collapsed. Some of the prisoners were killed, but the survivors made their escape and joined the Hooligans, who were sacking the city.

Such confusion reigned that the robbers met with no resistance. The local chief of police lies dead in the rooms of his office. The barracks at Messina were demolished. The commander of the troops was killed outright, and there are many victims among the enlisted men.

Pillage the Ruins.

The robbers pillaged the ruins of shattered buildings, and even stole clothing and valuables from the corpses of the victims. They were not deterred by the flames that broke out in several sections of the city, but took advantage of the light for their vandalism. The night in Messina was one of horror indescribable—fire, robbery, dead and dying on every side, the city in the utmost confusion, and the people panic-striken and under a spell of terror.

Troops began to pour into Messina last night, and this morning a number of steamers arrived from the peninsula with soldiers on board.

Palaces in Ruins.

The finest palaces, churches and theatres of Messina are heaps of ruins. Countless dead bodies are scattered through the wreckage, and their decomposition will doubtless bring pestilence to add to the horrors of the situation.

The devastation over the entire district was more or less complete. No part of the province of Reggio de Calabria escaped. The disturbance was most severe along the shores of the Straits of Messina, where the cities of Messina and Reggio are situated.

SAW SCENES OF HORROR

Woman Tells of the Destruction of Messina.

Catania, Dec. 29.—The following graphic story is told by a woman who arrived here from Messina this morning, badly injured:

"'Infernal' is the only word that will adequately describe the fearful and terrifying scene," she said.

"When the first shock came most of the city was fast asleep. I was awakened by the rocking of the house. Windows swayed and rattled and crockery and glass crashed to the floor. The next moment I was violently thrown out of my bed to the floor. I was half stunned, but knew that the only thing to do was to make my way outdoors. The streets were filled. Everybody had rushed out in their night clothes, heedless of the rain falling in torrents. Terrified shrieks arose from all sides, and we heard heart-rending appeals for help from the unfortunates pinned beneath the ruins.

Walls Tottering.

"Walls were tottering all around us, and not one of my party expected to escape alive. My brothers and sisters were with me, and, in a frenzy of terror, we groped our way through the streets, holding our own against the panic-stricken people, clambering over piles of ruins, until we finally reached a place of comparative safety. But this was not done before I was struck down and badly injured by a piece of furniture that fell out of the upper story of a house.

"All along the road we were jostled by scores of fleeing people, half clad like ourselves. The houses seemed to be crashing to the ground in whatever direction we turned.

"Suddenly the sea began to pour into the town. It seemed to me that this must mean the end of everything. The oncoming waters rolled in a huge wave, accompanied by a terrifying roar. The sky was aglow with the reflection of burning palaces and other buildings, and, as if this was not enough, there suddenly shot up into the sky a huge burst of flame, followed by a crash that seemed to shake the whole town. This probably was the gas works blowing up.

People Terrified.

"Eventually we reached the principal square of Messina. Here were found two or three thousand utterly terrified people assembled. None of us knew what to do. We waited in an agony of fear. Men and women prayed, groaned and shrieked. I saw one of the big buildings fronting on the square collapse. It seemed to me that scores of persons were buried beneath the ruins. Then I lost consciousness, and remember no more."

BISHOP IS KILLED

Buried Under Ruins of House in Messina.

Rome, Dec. 29.—It is reported from Catania that the Bishop of Messina is buried under the ruins of his residence. Signor Fulci, a member of the chamber of deputies from Messina, together with the members of his family, also is reported dead. The Fulci family was one of the most prominent in Catania.

The dome of the cathedral at Catania collapsed, and other churches, as well as the city hall, threaten to fall at any moment. The tidal wave sank numberless small boats in the harbor of Catania.

ROOSEVELT IS SHOCKED

Expresses America's Sympathy to Italy's King.

Washington, Dec. 29.—President Roosevelt, through the state department, today sent to King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, a dispatch expressing his horror and that of the American people over the disaster which has befallen southern Italy and Sicily by the

QUAKES FOLLOW BALL OF FIRE IN KENTUCKY.

Louisville, Ky., Dec. 29.—Reports received last night say that late Sunday night the western end of Kentucky was visited by earthquake shocks. A dispatch from Hopkinsville states that a ball of fire was seen in that town and that following the phenomenon seismic shocks were felt through that and adjoining counties.

MAY CALL U. S. TROOPS

War Department Worried by Kentucky Disorders.

Washington, Dec. 29. — Alarming conditions which compelled the calling out of state troops and United States marshals at the mining town of Stearns, Whitley county, Kentucky, are bringing the war department face to face with the probability that United States troops may be needed to uphold the power of the United States courts.

It is hoped by the liberal use of United States marshals and state troops the orders of the court will be executed, but there is ample authority for the sending of troops into Kentucky.

ANOTHER GRAFT TRIAL

Harrisburg, Pa., Dec. 29.—Judge Kunkel in the Dauphin county court today fixed April 25 as the date upon which the third of the series of trials growing out of the scandal surrounding the contracts for the capitol furnishings will be started.

NOTABLE EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS.

Disastrous earthquakes and volcanic upheavals in recent years were as follows:

	No. of victims.
1851—Melfi, Italy	15,000
1857—Kingdom of Naples	10,000
1859—Quito	5,000
1861—Mendoz, So. Am.	12,000
1863—Manila	1,000
1869—Peru and Ecuador	25,000
1872—Inyo valley, Calif.	30
1875—Santander, Colom'ia	14,000
1878—Cua, Venezuela	300
1880—Manila	3,000
1881—Scio and villages	4,000
1883—Island of Ischia, It'y.	2,000
1883—Krakatoa and other volcanoes	Thousands
1884—Andalusia & vicinity.	1,170
1885—Prov. Granada, Spain.	690
1886—Charleston, S. C.	41
1887—Elveira & So. Europe.	2,000
1891—Japan	4,000
1893—Persia	12,000
1894—Japan	12,000
1895—Florence, Italy	3,000
1899—Tiflis, Transcaucasia.	1,000
1902—Martinique	40,000
1902—Andijan, India	2,500
1903—Tiojo, Colombia	100
1904—Abruzzi, Italy	500
1905—North India	35,000
1905—Calabria, Italy	500
1905—Scutari, Albania	200
1905—Tamazula, Mexico	100
1906—About Vesuvius	100
1906—San Francisco	1,000
1906—Valparaiso & vicin.	500
1907—Kingston, Jamaica	1,700
1907—Karatagh, Asia	1,500

CASTRO FORCES ATTACK

20 Killed and 50 Wounded in Engagement on the Venezuela Coast.

Port of Spain, Trinidad, Dec. 29.—There has been hard fighting at Macuro, on the Venezuelan coast, beteen adherents of former President Castro and the crew of the gunboat Miraxda, working in the interests of the new president, Juan Vicente Gomez. About twenty men were killed and 50 wounded. The Gomez party was obliged to withdraw temporarily, but later returned to resume the engagement.

Can't Make a Landing.

The Miranda left La Guira for Macuro, with men on board who were to take the places of the officials there who had been serving under Castro. The Miranda arrived off Macuro yesterday morning. Gen. Torres, meanwhile, had gotten together about 500 men and was prepared to resist a landing. The Miranda cleared and went into action. Under cover of her battery, the men on board tried unsuccessfully to effect a landing. The fighting lasted about four hours.

The captain of the Miranda withdrew and came to Port of Spain.

Fighting to Continue.

A large contingent of the Venezleuan colony volunteered to help the government, and the office of the Venezuelan consul was besieged by men anxious to retun to Macuro and fight. A number of the volunteers were accepted and went aboard the gunboat, which at noon started back for Macuro, where the engagement will be continued.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

I read a recent article about a woman who invested $620 in improving a Mexican homestead and is now getting a regular income of over $1,200 a year from the sale of bananas from her orchard. I am glad to say that I know this can be done. You can get a homestead in Mexico free, and do not have to live on it. All that is required is to have 1,000 banana trees planted within five years, and the Improvement Department will prepare the land, supply and plant the trees and care for them until they come into bearing, for about $600. You can pay this in installments of $10 a month, and in three years after your trees are planted, they will bring you a profit of more than $1,500 each year, if you superintend the work; but if you wish the Improvement Department will care for the trees and market your bananas continuously, so you will not have to be in Mexico at all; they get one-third of the crop for attending to and marketing the bananas. This will give you a profit of more than $1,000 a year, from an investment of about $600. If you act as your own superintendent you can make $500 a year more. I know this from my own experience. It is a delightful country, never hot, never cold, and the health conditions are perfect. For full information address The Jantha Plantation Co., Block 124, Pittsburg, Pa., as all English literature pertaining to these free Mexican homesteads is distributed from Pittsburg.

ROBBERS GET $25,000

Daring Crooks Rob New York Jewelry Store.

New York, Dec. 29.—A safe robbery unexampled in point of daring, was revegled yesterday by Oscar C. Jackle, a jeweler, of 866 Third avenue, whose place was entered and looted of $5,000 in cash and $20,000 in jewelry.

The burglars entered by way of the cellar. They sawed an opening in the ceiling and pried the dial from the safe, which stood under a lighted gas jet in plain view of the street.

After rifling the safe, the burglars replaced the combination dial and departed.

UNCLE COMES TO AID

Cashier Foglesang's Shortage to Be Made Good.

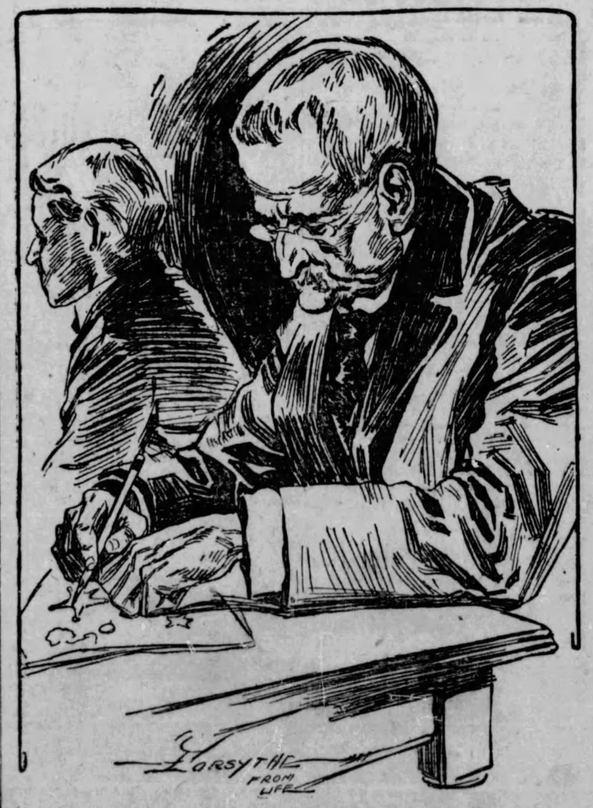
Jackson, Mich., Dec. 29.—Cashier H. P. Fogelsang, of the Springport State bank, charged with making false entries in the bank's books, has been given permission to make a trip to California to see Dewitt Bryan, his wife's uncle, who has written that he will help the cashier in straightening out his difficulties. Mr. Bryan, who is said to be a wealthy resident of Gary, Ind., is spending the winter at Los Angeles, Cal.

The bank examiner has completed his examination of the books of the institution, but will not give out any information on the exact amount of shortage which he found.

TO COURT-MARTIAL

Washington, Dec. 29.—A general court martial has been ordered to convene at the navy yard, Boston, Mass., on January 4 for the trial of Commander Charles C. Marsh, U. S. N., who was in command of the United States ship Yankee when it was sunk on September 23 in Buzzard's Bay.

HAINS' FATHER



Sketch was made in the Flushing court by Artist Forsythe, and shows the manner in which Peter C. Hains employs himself during the taking of the less important testimony in the trial of his son, T. Jenkins Hains, for the murder of William E. A[illegible].

BUSY IN HAINS CASE

Dr. Austin Flint, Important in Thaw Trial, Assists the Defense.

Flushing, N. Y., Dec. 29.—The trial of Thornton J. Hains for murder, like other prominent homicide cases, will be filled with testimony of alienists and hypothetical premises.

The defense opened the doors yesterday by developing from its more important witnesses the actions of Captain Peter C. Hains, Jr., with the design to show his mental condition. Counsel for Hains will place General and Mrs. Peter Hains on the stand to testify to their son's mental processes.

Seated near the state's lawyers is Dr. Austin Flint, the alienist, who was an important figure and witness in the Thaw case. Under his direction, witnesses were asked by the state if Captain Hains displayed signs of "rudeness," "proneness to resistance," and "obstinacy of control." The defense will call their medical experts to the stand later.

Witnesses Excluded.

Just before the morning session was called, Mrs. William F. Annis and Mrs. Charles Birchfield took seats within the rail. Mr. McIntyre objected to the presence of the state's witnesses, and Justice Crane said that while he did not see the necessity of it he would enforce the rule and exclude the witnesses for both sides. Justice Crane said he would not exclude General Hains, who was aiding the counsel in the case. All the witnesses then left the trial room.

The cross-examination of Tierney, the garbage collector, who testified yesterday for the defense, was resumed. The witness could not recall the names of those to whom he told his story the night of the shooting.

Marital Troubles.

The martial troubles of Captain Peter C. Hains, Jr., and his story of the estrangement with his wife, Claudia Hains, came out in the trial today. Samuel Reid related conversations he had last June with Captain Hains, making known the causes that led to the separation of the captain and his wife. The testimony of what Captain Hains said was permitted by Justice Crane as having a bearing on the mental condition of the army officer at that time.

Mr. Reid stated that Captain Hains told him his wife had confessed that she loved Annis. Captain Hains evinced signs of great mental distress in the narration of his troubles, the witness said.

NEW HINTS FOR TARIFF

New York Man Suggests a Gradual Reduction in Rates on Laces.

Washington, Dec. 29.—The house ways and means committee, which is framing a revised tariff bill, has received numerous suggestions from manufacturers, importers and others.

Requests for changes from ad valorem duties to specific rates and vice versa, are most numerous. In many instances it is claimed the suggested changes would make it difficult for unscrupulous importers to under value their importations.

To Copy British Scheme.

One suggestion was to copy the law recently enacted in Great Britain, which makes it necessary for all patented articles for consumption there to be manufactured in that country. Representative Boutell, of Illinois, is interested in this suggestion.

Claiming that a reduction in the duty on laces from the present rate of 60 per cent ad valorem to 20 per cent would greatly increase their revenue to the government, L. A. Lahey & Sons, of New York, suggested the duty be reduced five per cent semi-annually. A petition, signed by nearly 200 manufacturers of women's and children's garments, asking for a reduction on these articles, has been filed.

"Free coal" and "free hides" are among the changes for which there has been the greatest demand. A West Virginia coal company has entered a strong protest against free coal unless a similar concession is obtained from Canada, claiming that our northern neighbor derives five times as much revenue from its importations of American bituminous coal as that received by this country from its importations of Canadian coal.

There has been a persistent rumor that the new bill will put hides on the free list and provide for a substantial increase in the duties on shoes and leather products. Several manufacturers have testified that they could stand a slight reduction.

WORSE THAN BIG FINE

Standard Attorneys to Appeal to Supreme Court.

Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 29.—Standard Oil company attorneys will apply to the supreme court of Missouri for a hearing of the state's ouster suit.

It is said the ouster order annoys the company's attorneys much more than the fines imposed and that a much larger fine without the ouster order would have been much more satisfactory to the company. The company owns a valuable refining plant at Sugar Creek, near the city.

LOCK IS SET WRONG

Burglar Gets $29,000 in California Bank.

Los Angeles, Dec. 29.—But for the reversing of a spring in the vault time lock a burglar could not have carried away $29,700 from the First National Bank of Monrovia last Monday night. Four days before the robbery an expert locksmith from Los Angeles overhauled the lock. He did his work faultily and left the lock outwarly in good shape, but actually useless. The fact that the burglar had still to open an ordinary combination lock has caused the belief that he was skilled in the handling of locks. The man who is suspected of the crime is being watched by detectives, but there is insufficient evidence against him to justify his arrest.

9 KILLED IN CRASH

Collision on Great Northern in Montana.

Great Falls, Mont., Dec. 29.—In a collision yesterday between a freight train and a work train on the Great Northern railroad, nine workmen were killed and many injured. The collision occurred forty miles south of Great Falls.

TEN WORKMEN KILLED

Gases Pour In on Men Buried in Trench.

Birmingham, Ala., Dec. 29—Two dead bodies have been recovered and eight more are known to be buried in an immense cave-in of a trench at the blast furnace plant at Ensley last night. Several other men were injured.

The men were working in a large trench about eight feet below the surface. When a carrier broke, a beam fell on the cement wall, the entire wall toppled over on the men, and with it tons of loose earth.

A gas main broke and gas was poured in upon the entombed men.

BRIDESMAID MISSING; SO IS POLISH PRIEST.

Winnipeg, Man., Dec. 29.—Miss Seraphin Bronislowne Izponder, of Omaha, disappeared suddenly Saturday night after acting as bridesmaid for her sister. The police are looking for her. It is believed that she eloped with, or was kidnaped by, a Polish priest, formerly of Winnipeg.

THE MARKETS.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, Dec. 29.—Absence of any definite factors in wheat this morning caused a rather steady market at the outset and during the first half hour, prices holding at the level of yesterday's close save for a slight weakening of the far months. The infirmity at the outset was brought on by lower cables, but later in the morning buying by Logan and other Chicago traders caused a harder tone.

Storms In Argentina.

Bullish influences were reports of storms in Argentina a big decrease in the European visible supply and a decline in northwest cars. Opening ¼d lower, Liverpool prices were quoted ⅛@¼-off at midday. Local receipts were eight cars, seven grading contract. Chicago received 19 cars against 66 a year ago. Arrivals of 291 cars in the northwest were light compared with last year's. Cash and the near month at 1.05¼ showed no change from yesterday's close up until 10 a. m. May started ¼c off at $1.08½, but regained the loss early in the forenoon. July at $1.01 was ⅛c lower.

Snow's report was bullish. It made the wheat condition 83.3 against 85.3, the government's estimate, and against 78.9, the condition December 1. The gain is attributed to beneficial rains. Snow makes the acreage 1,250,000 less than the government. Minneapolis market record was also bullish, mainly because of low European stocks. Good buying put prices up near the close to the high point of the day. Cash and December closed 1¼c up at $1.06¼. May ⅞c higher at $1.09⅝, and July ⅝c up at $1.01⅞.

Corn Demand Poor.

A slightly weaker tone was apparent in corn, especially in the futures. One of the debilitating influences this month is a rather slack demand. Liverpool was unchanged at the outset but ⅝@½d lower at 1:30 p. m. December showed no change at 61½c, May opened ¼c lower at 62¾c, and July ⅛c off at 62⅝c. Six cars arrived in the local market.

Cash corn closed at 60½c, December at 60¾c, May at 63¼c, and July at 63¼c.

December oats were unchanged at the outset, opening at 52⅜c. May opened ⅝c off at 52¾c and the far month ¼c down at 47¼c. The far futures evinced a harder feeling as the morning progressed.

Oats closed: Cash and December, 52⅜c; May, 53¼c; July, 47⅝c.

Clover seed options opened 2½c lower all around but were steady up till 10 o'clock. December opened at $5.52½, March at $5.60 and October at $6.12½.

Receipts today were 90 bags, against 440 a year ago. Shipments amounted to 500 bags. December closed 2½c up at $5.57½c, March 2½c up at $5.65, and October 2½c higher at $6.16.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Dec. 29.	Close Dec. 28.
Wheat—					
Cash	1.06¼	....	....	1.06⅛	1.05¼
Dec.	1.05¼	....	....	1.06⅛	1.05¼
May	1.08½	....	....	1.09⅝	1.08¾
July	1.01	....	....	1.01⅞	1.01⅛
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	60¼	60½
Dec.	60½	....	....	60⅝	60½
May	62¾	....	....	63¼	62⅞
July	62⅞	....	....	63¼	63
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	52¾	52¾
Dec.	52¾	....	....	52¾	52¾
May	53¾	....	....	53¾	53¾
July	47¼	....	....	47¾	47¾
Clover Seed—					
Cash	....	....	....	5.52½	5.55
Dec	5.52½	....	....	5.57½	5.55
March	5.60	....	....	5.65	5.62½
Oct	6.12½	....	....	6.15	6.15
No. 2	....	....	....	5.40	5.40
No. 3	....	....	....	5.27½	5.27½
Rejected	....	....	....	5.10	5.10
Neg.	....	....	....	4.90	4.95
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	79	79
No. 2	....	....	....	78¼	78½
No. 3	....	....	....	76½	76½
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.75	1.75
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	8.80	8.80

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Dec.	1.02⅞	....	1.02⅝	1.03½	1.03
May	1.06⅝	....	....	1.07⅝	1.06⅞
July	98⅝	....	98½	99⅝	98⅜
Sept.	....	....	....	96	95½
Corn—					
Dec.	57	57¼	....	57⅛	57
May	60⅞	61⅝	....	61½	61
July	61	....	z 60⅞	61¼	61
Sept	61	61⅝	....	61¾	61¼
Oats—					
Dec.	49½	49¾	....	49⅞	49½
May	51½	51⅞	....	51⅞	51⅝
July	....	....	....	46¾	46½
Sept.	39½	....	....	39⅝	39⅝

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
May	1.10⅞	....	....	1.12	1.11½
Corn—					
Dec.	....	....	....	66	66
May	....	....	....	67⅞	67⅝

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May	1.06⅞	....	....	1.07⅜	1.07
July	96¾	....	....	97⅝	96⅝

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Jan	16.27	16.30	16.20	16.27	16.32
May	16.50	....	16.42	16.50	16.57
Dec	....	....	....	14.50	14.75
Lard—					
Jan	....	....	....	9.50	9.52
May	9.70	....	....	9.67	9.77
Ribs—					
Jan	8.32	....	....	8.27	8.37
May	8.65	8.67	8.60	8.65	8.72
July	....	....	....	8.77	8.85

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Dec. 29.—With fair receipts the market was about 10c lower on all grades, shippers and packers both buying. A ready clearance was made.

The quarantine on Michigan live stock was raised to a certain extent and stock consigned to the Toledo market or through shipment for feed and water will be handled at the Toledo Union Stock Yards, with the exception of live stock coming from the qua antined districts of Monroe, Wayne, Oakland, Washtenaw and McComb counties, which are still under strict quarantine.

Other live stock was without feature.

Toledo closing quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, average 200 to 250 lbs., $6.10@6.15; mediums, $6.05@6.10; Yorkers, $5.85@5.90; light Yorkers, 120 to 240 lbs., $5.40@5.60; good pigs, $5.00@5.15; stags and roughs, $3.50@5.40; mixed, $5.90@5.95; bulk of sales, $5.90@6.10.

Cattle—Steers, 1,250 lbs and up, $5.00@5.75; fat steers, 1,050 to 1,150 lbs., $4.50@5.00; fair to medium, $4.00@4.50; plain light steers, $3.50@4.00; extra heifers, $3.50@4.00; fair to medium, $3.00@3.50; light, $2.50@3.00; cows, $3.00@3.50; good butcher cows, $2.50@3.00; common cows, $1.50@2.50; milkers and stringers, $25.00@50.00; choice butchers bulls, $3.75@4.00; common to good bulls, $3.00@3.50; stockers and feeders, $3.00@4.25.

Sheep and lambs—Wethers, $3.50@4.75; mixed sheep, $3.00@4.00; culls and common, $2.00@2.75; best lambs, $4.00@7.00; ewes, $2.50@3.00.

Calves—Prime veals, $7.50@9.00; fair to good, $6.50@7.50; common, $4.50@6.50; heavy and pail fed, $2.50@6.00.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 29.—(By Swope, Hughes, Waltz & Benstead.)—Cattle, 2 cars; steady. Hogs, 10 cars; steady; heavy, $6.30@6.35; yorkers, $6.00@6.25; pigs, $5.75. Sheep, $5.75; 10 cars; steady. Best lambs, $8.00; yearlings, $6.00@6.35; wethers, $5.25@4.90; ewes, $4.00@4.50. Calves, $5.50@9.75.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 29.—(By Brinkman, Wood and Beck). Hogs, 12 loads; market higher; heavies and mediums, $6.40@$6.50@6.10; light Yorkers, $5.80@6.20. Sheep, $3.50@4 lambs, $5@7.90. Calves, $5@9.50.

Special telegram to The Blade.

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 29.—(By Daily Live Stock Journal.) Hogs, receipts 30 cars, market 15 cents higher; mediums and heavy mixed, $6.35 to $6.40; heavy yorkers, $6.20 to $6.40; light $5.90 to $6.10; pigs, $5.80 to $5.85. Sheep receipts, 4 loads, sheep steady, lambs 10 cents lower; sheep, $4.00 to $5.00; lambs, $5.00 to $7.90. Calf receipts, 200 head, market steady, top $9.50.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, Dec. 29.—(By Bower & Bower.)—Hogs, receipts, 70 cars; market lower. Mediums, $6.15@6.20; Yorkers, $5.90@6.00; pigs and lights, $5.50@5.75. Best lambs, $7.65. Best calves, $9.00.

Money and Stocks.

New York, Dec. 29.—Opening prices today advanced on active trading, but the gains were generally restricted to small fractions. Stocks in which they exceeded that figure were American Smelting and New Haven, which rose 1, Northwestern 1¼ and Northern Pacific, New York Central, Norfolk & Western, Atlantic Coast Line, Wabash preferred, Southern Railway preferred and Colorado Fuel large fractions.

Irregular at Start.

There was some irregularity during the first hour, in which a large volume of stocks changed hands within narrow limits. An extension of the opening gains afforded opportunities for realizing, but the effect of these sales was minimized by the persistent accumulation of special stocks. Nevertheless, a large part of the list sold fractionally below yesterday's closing in the course of the hour. Prices were inclined to yield at 11 o'clock.

The selling to take profits carried some stocks which have been stronger recently a point or more below last night. There were partial recoveries and fresh advances in specialities. Bonds were irregular.

Interest in the market decreased and a period of dullness ensued. About the only movement of importance centered in the Wabash and Wisconsin Central stocks. Wabash preferred went up 3 points, Wisconsin Central 2¼, the preferred 1¼.

New York Stocks.

New York, Dec. 29, 1908.

Stocks—	Open.	High.	Low.	2:30pm
Am. Cotton Oil	43¾	....	....	....
Am. Loco. com	58½	58½	57½	57⅝
Atchison	100½	101¼	100¾	100¾
Am. Car & F. Co	49¾	50¼	49¾	49¾
Anaconda	50⅝	50⅝	49¾	49⅞
Amal. Copper	84⅝	84¾	83½	83⅝
Am. Smelters	85½	85½	83¾	83⅞
Am. Woolen Co	29⅞	29⅞	29⅝	29⅝
Alton com	64⅞	65	63¾	65
Allis Chal. pfd	50¼	50¼	50¼	50¼
Am. Tobacco pfd	94¾	94¾	94¼	94¼
Am. Ice Sec	21¼	21¾	21¼	21⅝
Biscuit com	96¼	96¼	96¼	96¼
Balt. & Ohio	111⅜	111⅞	110⅜	111
Brooklyn R. T	68¼	68⅞	67⅜	68¼
Chicago & G. W	13¼	13⅜	13	13
Canadian Pacific	177¼	177⅞	177	177¼
Clover Leaf	49	49¼	48¾	48¾
Clover Leaf pfd	73¼	73¼	71½	72⅝
Colorado Fuel	41¼	41¾	40¾	40⅞
Ches. & Ohio	58½	58½	57¾	57¾
Central Leather	29⅜	29⅜	28⅝	28⅝
Consolidated Gas	164¾	164¾	163½	163¾
Can pfd	73½	73½	72¾	73
Del. & Hudson	181¾	181¾	180½	180¾
Distillers' Sec	37½	38	37½	38
Erie com	34⅞	35¼	34¾	34¾
Erie 1st pfd	50⅝	51¼	50⅝	51
Gt. Northern pfd	147¾	148¼	147¾	147¾
Ill. Central	147⅝	148	147	147
Int. Paper	12